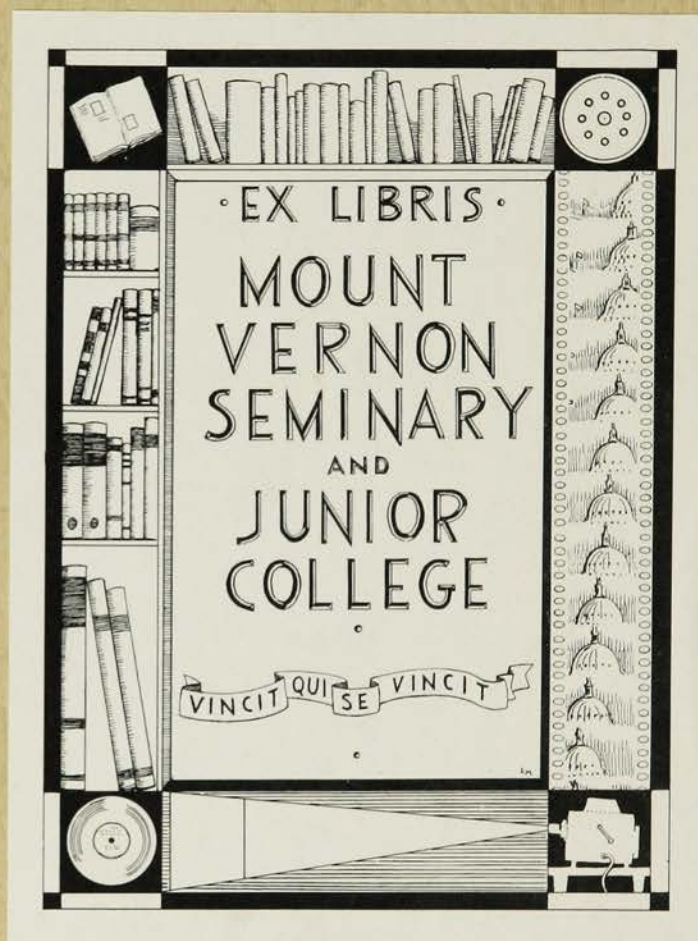




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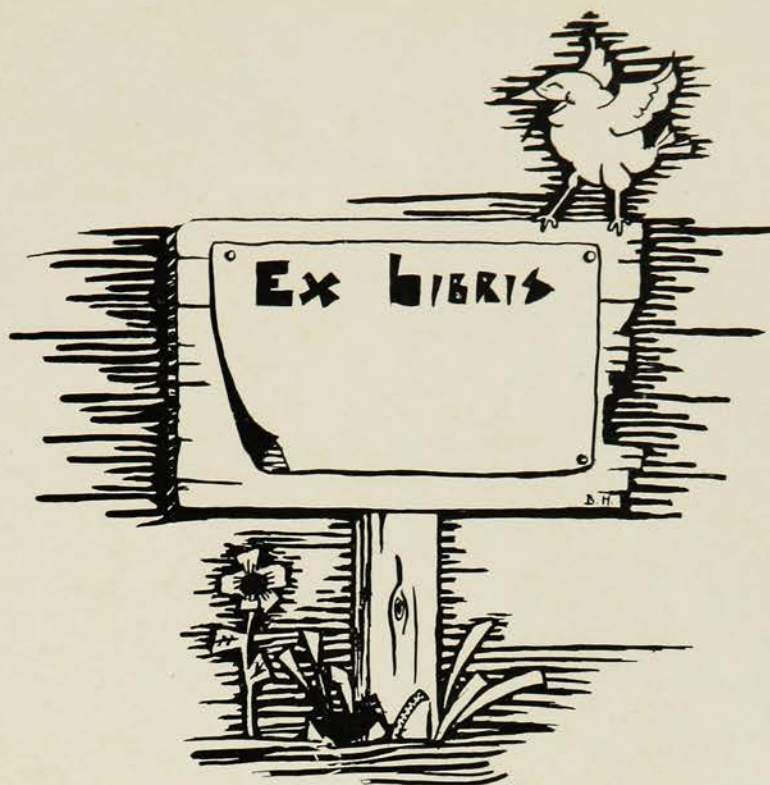
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*The*  
**CUPOLA**

Vol. VI



MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY  
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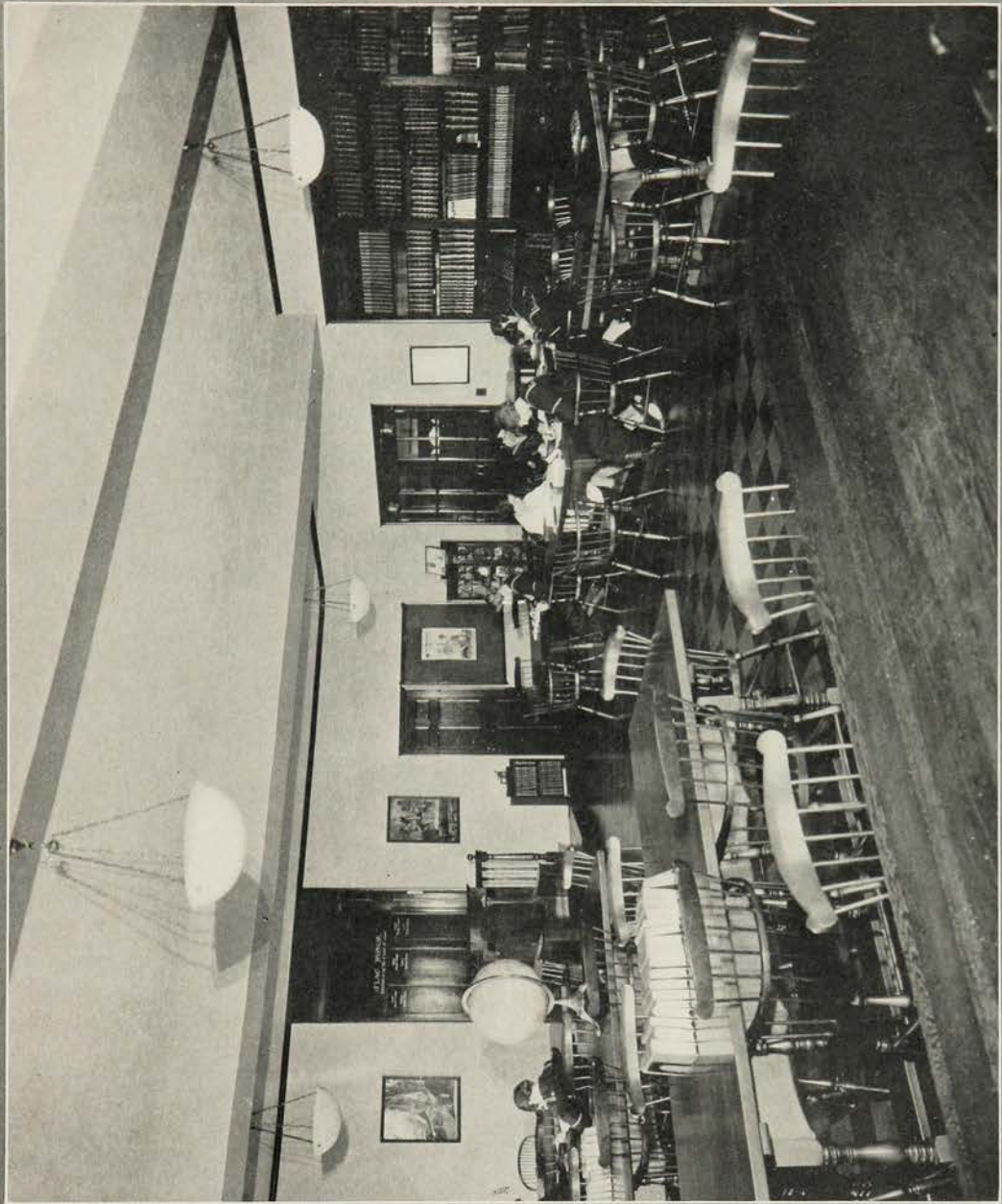
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## Foreword

**D**O you remember the Kingdom of the Future in the "Bluebird"? There was a dream last night . . . it was the Palace of the Unborn Thoughts, just this side the inkpot. Vague whiteness first, with wisps of silvery mist-sleep and sudden clear vistas all peopled with strange crowds of Thoughts—some huddled together, tiny wee ones, drab and shadowy gray—with funny little pug-nosed things called Puns; some slept, and they were wan and white, and there were hosts of laughing scarlet ones, butterfly-winged, that fluttered delicately, teasingly, just out of reach. One sat on a high gold throne in serene and beautiful dignity—a royal thought, of love, perhaps, or God . . . . And then a gay parade of quite young Make-Believes came by, passed on, and one, quite faded lavender, was left alone—and wept. A bubble, iridescent, shining, drifted down—and broke. Far, far off in the dim blue, timeless distance was a shining crystal door—a crystal door of words—and all the Thoughts looked toward it, and there was breathlessness, and waiting—waiting . . . The dream faded . . .

And as you thread your way through these pages, on the other side of the inkpot, you will meet some of the thoughts that stepped through the crystal door . . .

"I will leave you alone now. You will be more at ease by yourselves . . ."

—THE EDITOR

# ❧ The CUPOLA ❧



## Faculty, 1927-28

Miss Jean Dean Cole  
 Miss Alice Mildred Burgess  
 Miss Katharine Hill  
 Miss Margaret Barber  
 Mrs. Annie M. Bayliss  
 Miss Catherine S. Blakeslee  
 Miss Beulah James Carpenter

Miss Grace Carroll  
 Miss Frances Chickering  
 Miss Alice E. Edwards  
 Miss Rebekah Elting  
 Miss Margaret Evans  
 Miss Dora Faulkner

Miss Margaret Finly  
 Mrs. Clara Forman  
 Miss J. Lorna Guard  
 Miss Mildred Hanna  
 Miss Clare Hayward  
 Miss Elizabeth Hillyar  
 Miss Alice Hopkins



## Faculty, 1927-28

Miss Marian Kleps  
Mrs. Zola B. Larkin  
Miss Marguerite M. Lux  
Mrs. Charlotte G. McAllister  
Miss Louisa J. Martin  
Mlle. Jeanne Mou!é de la Raitrie

Mrs. Netta C. Murphey  
Miss Helen K. Myers  
Mrs. Adela Kleinschmidt-Payne  
Miss Beatrice Pearson  
Mme. Eleanore Peltier  
Miss Elsa Raner  
Mrs. Alys M. Rickett

Mr. Robert Huntington Rice  
Miss Margaret A. Schwartz  
Mr. Adolf Torovsky, Jr.  
Miss Cordelia Warren  
Miss Harriet Belle Walker  
Miss Elizabeth Winston

## Alma Mater

Our Alma Mater, glorious,  
With loving hearts and proud,  
We crown thee all victorious  
And sing thy praise aloud.  
In loyalty we serve thee,  
And strive to heed thy call,  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Through self to conquer all.

You give unfailing kindness  
If trouble meets us here;  
You foster all our pleasures  
And make them seem more dear.  
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow  
Can these fair days erase,  
But they, with each tomorrow,  
Help us new tasks to face.

Like Breath of Spring's fresh morning  
That lifts the heart to song,  
When courage droops and wavers  
And paths seem gray and long,  
Will come thy dauntless spirit  
To help us on our way.  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Hold fast thy tender sway.

The changing years may bring us  
Some longed-for dream of bliss,  
Yet memory will cherish  
A sympathy we miss.  
In hours of joy and sadness,  
Whate'er our need may be,  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Thy children turn to thee.





MISS MARGUERITE M. LUX  
*Senior Class Advisor*

## Song to Miss Lux

When the Seniors came this year  
They looked around both far and near  
For some one wiser  
To be advisor.  
They wanted some one who  
Would know just what to do;  
They wanted guidance  
And understanding.  
We found this one, we've got this one,  
She's just the one we need—  
Miss Lux we're going to follow,  
And we will succeed.

We all stand together,  
Comrades, birds of a feather,  
Working pals, playing pals,  
All the livelong daying pals.  
In rain or sunshine  
We pledge devotion,  
Deep as the ocean,  
You're the best of pals,  
The best of friends,  
The star we follow  
And reach for,  
All our Senior year.



## Senior Class

CATHERINE EVATT																				<i>President</i>
MARIE HORST																				<i>Vice-President</i>
ELEANOR MILLER																				<i>Secretary</i>
JANE QUILHOT																				<i>Treasurer</i>

KATHARINE ARCHIBALD  
 JESSIE CLARK  
 FAITH DECKER  
 CATHERINE EVATT  
 MARTHA FITTON  
 ESTHER GOETZ  
 VIRGINIA HARRIS  
 ANNE HEARNE  
 MARGUERITE HERRICK  
 SHIRLEY HOBBS  
 MARIE HORST

ELIZABETH JOHNSON  
 ELEANOR MILLER  
 MARY POPE  
 JANE QUILHOT  
 ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
 EDNA SHERMAN  
 BETH SHERWOOD  
 DOROTHEA SIGEL  
 ROWENA THOM  
 ELEANOR VOORHEES  
 VIRGINIA WALSEN

||: The CUPOLA :||

Senior Class Song—1928

Words by BETH SHERWOOD

Music by ELEANOR MILLER



With amethyst and gold, our banner proud,  
Our Alma Mater, we salute thee.  
Aspiringly to thee we come  
With promise of our rev'rence, faith and loyalty.  
Here gifts of love we offer  
From our hearts' full stream,  
For the guidance that has meant to us  
Fulfillment of our sacred dream.

Purple from rich mantles,  
Gold from kings most high,  
Gold of burning clouds at sunset-tide,  
Purple from the midnight sky.  
With these colors royal  
Weave a flag of wondrous hue,  
And from our hearts today  
We offer it to you.

When down the living years  
Will go our spirit ever faithful, glad and free,  
Oh, we will guard and reverence  
The pledge now, Alma Mater, we do make to thee.  
On the altar of devotion  
This our pledge we will hold,  
And we offer there  
A prayer, a promise,  
Sealed in amethyst and gold.



KATHARINE ARCHIBALD

*"Kayzie"*

Jacksonville, Florida

*Four Years*

Yellow Class

Swimming, '25, '26

Dramatics, '27, '28

Vice-President of Tea House Board of Directors, '27

President of Lend-a-Hand Society, '28

Chairman of M. V. S. Investigating Committee, '28

IMPRESSION

*Poinsettias in pots*

*Shy smiles that come slowly around corners*

*Sad-eyed police dogs on leashes*



JESSIE CLARK

*"Chessie"*

Louisville, Kentucky

*Three Years*

Yellow Class, '26, '27

Walking Club, '27, '28

French Club, '27, '28

Optima, '27, '28

Treasurer of Optima, '28

Photographic Editor of CUPOLA, '28

Dramatics, '27

IMPRESSION

*Morning glories climbing, clinging to quaint bungalows*

*Faint, pale, clear light falling through Gothic windows*

*Devotions*



FAITH DECKER

*"Feddy"*

Providence, Rhode Island

*Two Years*

French Club, '27, '28

Junior Basketball, '27

Dramatics, '27, '28

IMPRESSION

*Pansies smiling with sincere faces at the  
passing stream*

*Stiff chairs in sedate rows*

*Quietness, secureness*



CATHERINE EVATT

*"Big Evatt" "Kay"*

Brookline, Massachusetts

*Two Years*

President of Senior Class, '28

Optima, '27, '28

Glee Club, '27

Choir, '27, '28

Choir Librarian, '28

Junior Hockey, '27

Walking Club

Dramatics, '27, '28

Commencement Play, '27

Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27, '28

Chairman Elizabeth Somers Committee,  
'28

Collegiate Council, '28

IMPRESSION

*Galumping elephants*

*Giggling dimples and wooden platforms*

*Fine squashes at fairs*

*Fuchsias and co-operation*



MARTHA FITTON

*"Fitty"*

Indianapolis, Indiana

*Two Years*

Junior Basketball, '27

Senior Basketball, '28

Dramatics, '27, '28

Walking Club

Choir, '27, '28

President of Tea House Board of Directors, '28

IMPRESSION

*A pale pink peony*

*Baby-faced*

*Talking hysterically on and on*

*Piles of darned stockings*

*Piles of good biscuits*



ESTHER GOETZ

*"Goats"*

Buffalo, New York

*Two Years*

Glee Club, '27, '28

President of Glee Club, '28

Hockey, '27, '28

Assistant Literary Editor of CUPOLA, '27

Dramatic Editor of CUPOLA, '28

French Club, '28

Dramatics, '28

Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '28

IMPRESSION

*Whimsical creature of the woods*

*Scarlet-winged bird caught in a trap*

*Changing pool, now light, now dark*

*Blue—blue—with overhanging boughs of willows*



VIRGINIA HARRIS

"Ginia"

Peoria, Illinois

Three Years

Optima, '27, '28  
 Secretary of Optima, '28  
 White Class  
 Choir, '26, '27, '28  
 Choir Librarian, '27  
 Choir Mistress, '28  
 Glee Club, '26, '27, '28  
 Dramatics, '26, '27, '28  
 French Club, '28  
 Vice-President of Lend-a-Hand Society,  
 '27  
 Senior Representative to Collegiate  
 Council, '28

IMPRESSION

*A pure white calla lily holding its head  
 proudly  
 Cold winds that suddenly turn warm  
 Old lace drooping from an iron chest  
 Long, graceful asparagus*



ANNE HEARNE

"Annie"

Wheeling, West Virginia

Five Years

Vice-President of Optima, '28  
 Optima, '25, '26, '27, '28  
 Treasurer of French Club, '27  
 French Club, '26, '27, '28  
 Dramatics, '28  
 Yellow Class  
 Commencement Play, '25

IMPRESSION

*Deep purple violets hidden in tall leaves  
 White rabbits with wrinkling noses  
 Hopping, hopping  
 With bobbing tails in the distance*



MARGUERITE HERRICK

*"Peggy"*

Ancon, Panama

*Four Years*

Yellow Class  
Walking Club  
French Club, '27, '28  
Treasurer of French Club, '28  
Vice-President of Red Cross, '27  
Dramatics, '27  
Winner of Golf Tournament, '27

IMPRESSION

*Pointed hats*  
*Potato salad*  
*Large fat cakes with tannish icing*  
*Strange Chinese vases sitting in corners*



SHIRLEY HOBBS

*"Hobby"*

Madison, Wisconsin

*Four Years*

Yellow Class  
Dramatics, '26, '28

IMPRESSION

*Rows and rows of Johnny Jump-ups*  
*Babbling, running-away brooks*  
*Birds hopping—hopping*  
*Eager eyes and soft hearts*



MARIE HORST

"Mickey"

Reading, Pennsylvania

Five Years

Yellow Class  
 Secretary Yellow Class, '24  
 Dramatics, '24  
 Walking Club  
 Art Editor of CUPOLA, '26  
 Assistant Editor of CUPOLA, '27  
 Editor-in-Chief of CUPOLA, '28  
 Tea House Board of Directors, '27  
 Vice-President of Junior Class, '27  
 Vice-President of Senior Class, '28

IMPRESSION

*A pink tulip, standing serenely—smiling—  
 nodding*

*Unfathomable*

*A deep, silent pool with lavender trees droop-  
 ing over*



ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

"Lib"

Knoxville, Tennessee

Two Years

Choir, '27, '28  
 Glee Club, '27, '28  
 Walking Club  
 Christmas Play, '27  
 Junior Cheer Leader, '27

IMPRESSION

*A kitten chasing its tail in a great hall  
 Apple blossoms and soft wooing of sudden  
 saxophones*



ELEANOR MILLER

"Ellie"

Evanston, Illinois

*Four Years*

Yellow Class

Glee Club, '25, '26, '27, '28

Choir, '25, '26, '27, '28

French Club, '25, '26, '27, '28

Vice-President of French Club, '27

President of French Club, '28

Secretary of Senior Class, '28

Optima, '27, '28

Dramatics, '27, '28

Commencement Play, '27

Choir Librarian, '27

Junior Gym Team, '27

Cheer Leader, '27, '28

IMPRESSION

*A dashing swirl of color*

*Cold winds on Michigan Avenue*

*Tan colts—rough and wild*

*Pearls and sudden glimpses of deep amber  
champagne*



MARY ANKENY POPE

"Bear"

Walla Walla, Washington

*Four Years*

White Class

Swimming, '25

Dramatics, '27

Nomination Committee of M. V. S.  
Society, '27

IMPRESSION

*A jovial bear, tumbling down mountain  
paths*

*A lazy, slowly laughing bear with a shaggy,  
spotted coat*

*A sunflower in a lonely field*



MARY JANE QUILHOT

"Jane"

Amsterdam, New York

Four Years

Pres. of Co-op. Gov. Council, '28  
White Class  
President of White Class, '26  
Capt. White Class Basketball Team, '26  
Mgr. White Class Swimming Team, '26  
Tennis Doubles, '25, '27  
Tennis Singles, '26, '27  
Senior Class Doubles, '28  
Senior Class Singles, '28  
Captain of Junior Basketball Team, '27  
Senior Basketball, '28  
Varsity Team, '27  
Sect.-Treas. Athletic Association, '27  
Treasurer of Senior Class, '28  
Tea House Board of Directors, '27

IMPRESSION

*A geranium—magenta geranium  
Smiling, healthily, good-naturedly in a  
window  
Laughing, cheering  
Summer sports*



ELIZABETH ROBERTS

"Libby"

Omaha, Nebraska

Four Years

Secretary of Glee Club, '26  
Treasurer of Choir, '26, '27, '28  
Choir, '25, '26, '27, '28  
Glee Club, '25, '26, '27, '28  
Dramatics, '25, '26, '27, '28  
Walking Club  
Optima, '26, '27, '28  
President of Optima, '28  
French Club, '27, '28  
President of Junior Class, '27  
Rec. Sect. M. V. S. Society, '27  
White Class Gym Team, '26  
White Class  
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27  
Collegiate Council, '28

IMPRESSION

*A round, furry, baby chrysanthemum  
A rubber ball that's squeaky and squashes  
Bouncing—bouncing  
Thou art so mighty yet so small*



EDNA SHERMAN

"Ed" "Shoiman"

San Francisco, California

*Two Years*

Optima, '27, '28  
 Treasurer of Lend-a-Hand Society, '28  
 Dramatic Editor of CUPOLA, '27  
 Advertising Manager of CUPOLA, '28  
 Junior Basketball, '27  
 Senior Basketball, '28  
 Junior Hockey, '27  
 Dramatics, '27, '28  
 Glee Club, '27, '28  
 Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club, '28  
 Commencement Play, '27

IMPRESSION

*A purple god on a golden throne  
 Hard cruelty on silver platters  
 Nasturtiums dancing in a summer breeze*



ELIZABETH SHERWOOD

"Beth"

San Francisco, California

*Two Years*

Choir, '27  
 Glee Club, '27, '28  
 Junior Basketball, '27  
 Senior Basketball, '28  
 Varsity Basketball, '27  
 Junior Hockey, '27  
 Dramatics, '27, '28  
 Commencement Play, '27  
 Literary Editor of CUPOLA, '28  
 Tea House Board of Directors, '28

IMPRESSION

*A tiger—creeping, crouching  
 A pierrot filled with moon love  
 Versatile sufferance  
 A gardenia that turns brown if you hurt it*



DOROTHEA SIGEL

"Dotsie"

Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania

Two Years

Junior Basketball, '27  
 Captain of Senior Basketball Team, '28  
 Varsity Team, '27  
 Hockey, '27  
 Captain of Hockey Team, '28  
 President of Athletic Association, '28  
 Choir, '27, '28  
 Glee Club, '27, '28  
 Treasurer of Glee Club, '27  
 Dramatics, '27, '28  
 Commencement Play, '27  
 Athletic Medal, '27

IMPRESSION

*Brown, spotted rocks on the edge of dark green  
 pools of which you can almost see the  
 bottom*

*Deep, reddish dens that smell of leather*



ROWENA THOM

"Rona"

Los Angeles, California

Two Years

Optima, '27, '28  
 Dramatics, '28  
 Secretary-Treasurer of Tea House Board  
 of Directors, '28  
 Business Manager of CUPOLA, '28  
 Editor-in-Chief of *Broadside*  
 Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27, '28  
 Choir, '28  
 Walking Club

IMPRESSION

*A bouncing button, shining,  
 Glistening, glimmering,  
 Bursting its bounds with enthusiasm  
 A bright yellow poppy in a field of clover*



ELEANOR VOORHEES

"El"

Amsterdam, New York

*Four Years*

Yellow Class

Vice-President of Yellow Class, '26

Tennis Doubles, '25

IMPRESSION

*Laughing, waving hollyhocks*

*Rhubarb growing*

*Old ladies dancing in the snow*

*Jokes in a bright-colored magazine*



VIRGINIA WALSEN

"Sunny"

Denver, Colorado

*Two Years*

Optima, '28

Walking Club, '28

Chairman Property Committee, '27, '28

IMPRESSION

*A neat plate conscientiously sitting on the table*

*Bread and butter*

*A marigold with a deep brown center*



MISS BEULAH JAMES CARPENTER  
*Junior Class Advisor*

### Junior Class Song

A little patch of sapphire blue  
Fell down from the sky one day,  
We caught it up with threads of gold,  
For fear lest it drift away.  
But it's ours for the finding,  
We'll hold it fast,  
And proudly we'll bear it high,  
As a symbol of beauty and truth  
From the depths of the glorious sapphire sky.  
Bright golden star,  
In thee we seek our guidance,  
Courage, loyalty, and strength to do the right.  
To thee we turn  
For highest inspiration.  
May we find the truth  
In thy clear, joyous light.  
Deep in our hearts,  
Beloved Alma Mater,  
We have pledged to thee  
All reverence, faith, and love.  
May we prove worthy  
To be called thy daughters,  
Guided by the blue  
Of the sapphire sky above.



## Junior Class

JANE COCHRAN	President
MARTHA ALEXANDER	Vice-President
ALICE FOYE	Secretary
LOUISE DICKSON	Treasurer

MARTHA ALEXANDER  
MOLLIE BENNETT  
IRENE BOHON  
DOROTHY BOVENIZER  
HARRIET BOYCE  
SUSANNE BRADLEY  
JANE COCHRAN  
LOUISE DICKSON  
NANCY DOUGHERTY  
ELEANOR DWIGHT  
FLORENCE FARNSLEY  
ALICE FOYE  
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON  
BARBARA HASKINS  
LOUISE HEUER  
KATHERINE HOWELL

MARGARET JOHNSON  
MARJORIE KAISER  
BERRILLA KERR  
GERTRUDE LAMMERS  
MARGARET MURPHY  
MARION PALMER  
KATHERINE POTTER  
LOUISE REDFIELD  
MARGERY RIACH  
VIRGINIA ROSE  
MARY REED SIMPSON  
JEAN SYMINGTON  
MARY VEREENE  
ADELE WEISS  
RUTH WHEELER  
ETHEL WOODRUFF



MISS REBEKAH ELTING  
*White Class Advisor*

### White Class Song

White Class, we'll sing to you  
With voices proud and true,  
Loyalty, firm as the skies,  
And love that never dies.  
M. V. S.,  
The White Class.  
When the days have passed  
And we are no longer with you,  
It's then we must prove  
That we are true,  
Dear class, just to you.  
Would that we could sing,  
And also tell thee in each line,  
How out of joy, and grief and hate,  
We gave our love for thine.  
Life will hold many memories,  
Days spent at M. V. S.,  
Dearest of them all,  
Olden times recall.  
M. V. S.,  
The White Class,  
We'll always be true,  
To our emblem purity,  
And always, yes, always,  
To thee.



## White Class

GRACE SMITH	President
ANN ROBINSON	Vice-President
FRANCES WOOD	Secretary
ELIZABETH BORN	Treasurer

MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS  
✓ HELEN ANDRUS  
CAROL BAGBY  
✓ MARJORIE BOERICKE  
ELIZABETH BORN  
DIANTHA BROWN  
LAURA BROWN  
FRANCES SUE COFFIN  
MARY ANN COTTON  
HELEN COZAD  
MAMIE DICKSON  
DOROTHY DONOVAN  
MARY TOWNES GAINS  
ALICE HAND

DOROTHY JONES  
PRISCILLA KNOX  
FRANCES LELAND  
LOUISE LINKINS  
LETTIE MacCONNELL  
✓ JULIA MATHESON  
REBECCA MORRIS  
CAROL PARKER  
DAISY PARSONS  
CAROLINE PAULLIN  
MARGARET PHILLIPS  
HENRIETTE PIRRUNG  
✓ LOUISE RAYNOR

JEAN REDICK  
MARGARETTA RICE  
ANN ROBINSON  
SUSAN SCHRIBER  
GRACE SMITH  
ROSANNA SMITH  
JANET STOCKTON  
EDWINA VILSACK  
GLADYS VILSACK  
MARY ELIZABETH VILSACK  
SUSAN JANE WEGENER  
VIRGINIA WELLS  
MIRIAM WIDENHAM  
FRANCES WOOD



MISS HARRIET BELLE WALKER  
*Yellow Class Advisor*

## Yellow Class Song

Lifting better up to best—  
Our desire;  
To be true to every test—  
We aspire  
To be worthy of thy name,  
Learn our lessons, ne'er complain,  
Just to conquer self our aim—  
Yellow Class, Yellow Class.

In thy sunshine, color, joy—  
Yellow Class.  
In thy gold be no alloy—  
Yellow Class.  
Our dear school with songs we greet;  
Sing its praises ever sweet;  
M. V. S., thy name repeat—  
M. V. S., M. V. S.



## Yellow Class

JANE ROGERS	President
MARTHA SEABURY	Vice-President
JEANNÉ STREET	Secretary
ELEANOR DUVAL	Treasurer

MARY LOUISE ACKLEY  
 KATHERINE BAVINGER  
 ELEANORE BENEDICT  
 ELIZABETH BEVAN  
 ELIZABETH BROADWATER  
 WILDER BROADWATER  
 BARBARA CANFIELD  
 VIRGINIA CARTER  
 ELAINE CHANUTE  
 EVELYN COMSTOCK  
 KATHLEEN CONANT  
 JANE CULBERTSON  
 MARY THAYER DAVISON  
 ELEANOR DUVAL  
 MARJORIE EVATT  
 RUTH FEHR  
 JULIANNE FOSHAY  
 ELIZABETH FREEMAN  
 KATHERINE GIBSON  
 LOUISE GLANCY

NORA GLANCY  
 LAURA GREGG  
 CATHERINE HORST  
 CHARLOTTE HUGHES  
 ELIZABETH KENNEDY  
 MARJORIE KOUNTZ  
 JEANIE DEAN LAUER  
 SUZANNE LeBOSQUET  
 ELIZABETH MITCHELL  
 SARAH MORRIS  
 JEAN MURPHY  
 BETTY OFFIELD  
 EMILY POPE  
 JANE ROGERS  
 MARTHA LOUISE SEABURY  
 JEANNÉ STREET  
 KATHERINE STREET  
 ELIZABETH TITUS  
 AGNES TROWBRIDGE  
 KATHERINE WATTS

## Religion

Through the incense-laden air  
Came the mystic chant  
Of choir boys—  
Slowly two priests  
    With heads bent reverently,  
Passed down the aisle,  
And silence covered up their footsteps.  
    There in the dim cathedral  
    Were left only I and God;  
    And I thought  
    We were rather a queer pair . . .

Rhythmic tom-toms,  
Shrill jazz whistles,  
The frenzied tap of dance-mad feet,  
Restless crowds  
All bent on pleasure,  
Boredom . . . noise . . . and suddenly  
A feeling of complete isolation,  
    And there among the many  
    Were left only I and God;  
    And God thought  
    We were rather a queer pair . . .

I found one summer's night  
A lonely hilltop—  
    Moon-bathed,  
    Wind-kissed—  
Where the silvery notes  
    Of a nightingale  
Pierced my heart until it bled . . .  
But after a while there was silence—  
    Infinite silence—  
    And only God and I were left,  
    And we found  
    That we were rather an understanding pair . . .

—MARIE HORST



## Idolatry

A long line of brown-robed monks trailed slowly into the monastery chapel in the quiet, late hours of a Sunday afternoon some centuries ago. The stained glass of the high Gothic windows changed the last rays of the setting sun to amber and red and dull old blue, as they filed into their seats and knelt in prayer.

Suddenly in the hush that followed, one brother, far in the rear of the chapel, nudged his fellow-suppliant.

"Hist, Brother Dunstan, he is not here."

A long, lean monk slowly lifted his head and looked about him.

"Brother Leo, know that in prayer one does not look around for one's friends."

"Nay, but Brother, I am truly affrighted. For twenty years he has not missed a day—some woe may have befallen him. Brother, I will go and seek him."

"Then I, too, will go, Leo."

Silently and as one the two monks—the one, anxious and puzzled, the other cheerful and untroubled, rose and slipped out into the quiet cloisters of the inner court.

"Brother Leo, this is a fool's errand. He is, no doubt, fishing, and has not heard the chimes—but come, make haste, we will see."

And they crossed the green lawn by the well and entered the long, vaulted arches of the cellarium where the monks brewed their far-famed ale and wine, and fished out of the windows into the merry stream that passed under the monastery. But no, it was as empty as it was wont to be at that hour, and with long faces the two turned to each other.

"Brother, all is not well. I have feared these past months that his health was failing but, not by a word or by a sign has he acknowledged my fears. He is old, Brother Dunstan, and still will he make his daily pilgrimage to the hilltop at noon-day, and his visit to the poor in the village, and it's no wonder they call him a saint on earth, what with all his goodness—but hark ye, let us go to his cell, Dunstan."

And they climbed up the heavy stone steps to the long, arcaded balcony onto which the cells of the monks opened.

"Aye, there he is, as I thought—he has not heard the bells," whispered the tall monk as they noiselessly approached a figure leaning against a pillar, staring with unseeing eyes out onto the broad sweep of green hills and the chattering brook that cut its small way through the grass.

Without turning, the old monk spoke:

"Ah! 'tis you, Brother Leo, and you, Brother Dunstan. Do not creep so silently. Do you not know after all these years that though I cannot see ye coming, I can hear ye and feel ye near me? But come, tell me. Are the tiger lilies out yet? Long have I waited for the first ones to appear; and the way the brook is chattering and the birds singing in the trees, I feel that they are there. Tell me, good brothers, is it true or have mine ears deceived me?"

"Aye, Brother Roger," said Leo hoarsely, "It is true; I can see one or two small blooms down there in the grass—very small and very yellow but they are there, Brother."

## § The CUPOLA §

The old monk turned around and placed one hand on the shoulder of each younger one.

"And now," he continued, "Now ye are going to ask me why I am not at chapel, are ye not? Good brothers,—Well, I will tell ye. These old legs of mine are wearing out; and it's no small wonder. And today, at last, they are almost gone. It was all I could do to walk out here, and as for going to chapel—I could not! But come, help me into my cell, for my knees are growing weak and I have something to tell ye before I die."

"Die?" gasped the monks in unison. "But, Brother Roger, you have years to live. Bah, 'tis a touch of rheumatism ye have and, don't ye be thinking of dying."

"No, Leo—Dunstan—I know well. But come, help me now and I will be telling you what no doubt you and all have long been wondering . . . ."

Silently and with long faces the two helped their white-haired brother into his rude cell and, when he was at ease on the cot, they sat down, one on the parapet, the other on the one chair. The old man began to speak, at first weakly, but later gathering strength.

"Brothers, I came to this monastery twenty years ago—blind, and ill in mind and body. The good monks took me in, fed me, clothed me, healed my soul as well as my body, and up to this day not one has so much as asked me whence I came and wherefore and why. I have fished in your merry stream and caught fine trout, and I have drunk your fine old ale with the gayest of you all. I came here, bitter and hard, I came here to find out if there was a God. I found here that there is a God; and for twenty years I have been learning to know God. But anon—you all have, doubtless, wondered why I stand every noon on yonder hilltop in the tall grasses looking over verdant hills and placid lakes—you wonder why since I am blind, and why I sit for hours at the window feasting with unseeing eyes on all the glories of nature . . . Is it not true, Brothers?"

"Aye, Brother," answered Dunstan, "We have often wondered, but it was none of our affair and so we spake not of it."

"Well, Dunstan, wonder no more, for I am about to tell you all. Long years ago, when I was young, I lived in a small but gay town in the North. I was regarded by all as a queer lad, hopelessly queer, and would come to no good end; for when all the village youths danced on the green with the rosy maids, and chucked a chin or stole a kiss, perchance, I was to be found leaning on the old bridge staring into the cool depths and the mirrored moon. And while the work in the fields was going on, would I work? No. I was on a hilltop lying in the grass counting the clouds and watching the wind play through the branches of the yew trees. Oh, I was a wayward lad, and my family would have none of me, so off they packed me to sea on a brigantine, and there I learned to love the sea as I loved the earth. But what good was I at sea, for instead of hoisting sails or swabbing decks, I stood by the rail watching the thousand colors of the swirling deep and the sun making a rainbow on the spray—and so I was packed off the bark, and for years I roamed at will, sleeping under my mistress moon—wandering by day through green fields and purple seas. You, Dunstan, you have loved, have you not?"

"Brother Roger," protested the tall monk, "You—I—It is not a question to ask a monk, Brother Roger."

"Aye, Dunstan, but you have loved; even the blind brother can tell, by the way you talk and the way you drink as if always in your heart you were drinking to her—always to her. Aye, Dunstan, you have loved, and well, and she would have none of you?"

"No," replied Dunstan, sadly, "She would have none of me and here I sought peace and found it, good brother."

"And you, Leo, you have loved in your youth—wine and song and good eating and women—do not deny, Leo, you are fat . . ."

"Nay, Brother," murmured the accused, "Not fat, but neatly plump, I prithee, not fat . . ."

"You are neatly plump, good Leo, aye, to be sure, but ye both have loved, and ye know then about which I will speak, and so I will haste ere it is too late."

"I loved; I was the great lover; and even as I loved so was I loved in return. But no, I loved no woman; no earthly woman. My bride was Nature; Nature in all her perfection. I loved to distraction. No woman's eyes have the beauty of the starlit night; no woman's hair is as soft and scented as the winds of summer; no woman's lips are as red as the setting sun; no woman's heart is as soft as the clouds on an April day—no, my love was greater than the love of woman; greater than the love of song; of wine; of good, well-roasted meat. My love was the earth, the sea, the wind, the rain—all her moods were mine to see—her smiles, her frowns, her rest, her anger—all, all were mine. For she loved me. Nay, Brothers, I am not mad; she loved me. Her very sweetest smiles were for me; her softest rays at sunset fell on my face; the earliest beams of the morning sun woke me to rise and follow her. Where I wandered, there were always flowers, and when I was tired trees made me shade. When I slept, a soft wind cooled me and birds sang me madrigals of happiness. Oh, you have never known the caress of the sun, softer and sweeter than the wings of a dove and hotter than the burning sands of the desert. She was my love and, loving her, I knew the icy grandeur of the mountains, the glamor of the tropics and the fierce tempestuousness of the untamed sea. The world was my home; the stars, my lamps; the rivers, my pathways; my mistress, the moon; and my idol, the sun in all her shining splendor. I was king! No king has ever been crowned as I was crowned with slanting rays of light and gold, and a chorus of birds singing paeons of joy; a velvet carpet of grass to tread upon, and the earth spread in panorama at my wayward feet. But, alas, I loved too well! All day I lay and reveled in the warm kiss of the sun, eating wild berries and drinking the waters of Oblivion; all night I lay beneath the stars and sang to the moon.

"But one day, at noon when my love was high in the heavens and smiled down on me, I rose to answer her gleaming challenge; rose to the pinnacle of my blind, entrancing passion; rose to fall forever! Up I stood and threw my arms upward to her, worshiping her, loving her, my face upturned to her scorching rays, when I was seized by clutching fingers of icy flame and thrown into an abyss of foaming, revolving darkness—the darkness of a thousand nights—the blackness of chaos. I remember no more. Eons passed—I woke up—to find myself alone and blind! Blinded by my great love; blinded by the heat of a great passion. Blind—no more to see. See—that was my world, my life, my all. I sought death. Death in a hundred ways defied me. I cursed fate; cursed God; cursed even my love that had brought me to this!

## ❧ The CUPOLA ❧

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"Slowly I began to take hold of myself; my tortured body awoke, my crazed mind began to function. Painfully crawling, I found my way down over the brambles and rocks to a cottage hid in the green shades of the mountain. A kind old hermit took me in—fed me—clothed me—healed my burning soul and, as I grew stronger, he bade me seek refuge in these far-famed cloistered walls. And so I came, and here I found peace; I found God; I found contentment. And so I sit and stare out at my world—the world I used to rule. I go each day at noontide to feel the sun over my head on that selfsame hill upon which I was stricken down. I am old; I am dying. Nay, Brothers, I know, it is my time. I have lived and it is my time to die. God in Heaven, grant me peace. I have sinned in my idolatry, but at last I have come into Thy Kingdom, and by way forgiveness, I pray Thee, show me before I die the beauty I once loved."

The low voice ceased. Awe-struck, the two Brothers gazed at the uplifted face and clasped hands of the old monk who had risen in his cot and was stretching out his arms to the window.

"Brothers, help me to the window. I feel the sun has not yet set; it is still a little warm"; his voice broke, but went on, "Help me to the window."

Carefully they carried him to where he had willed.

"Let me stand—I can stand. Dunstan—Leo, you have been good to me—let me grasp your hands . . . There."

As he spoke, the last rays of the dying sun fell upon the white face and closed eyes of the old man, and slowly his eyes opened; opened wide; opened to see! He blinked; then threw aside the helping hands of the Brothers.

"They are there—the tiger lilies and the green hills and the sky is very blue. I can see it all—all. God, Thou hast been good to me!"

And as the sun sank to rest behind the low hills, twilight descended upon the gray walls and a shadow fell on the uplifted face as slowly and wordlessly Brother Roger sank to his knees.

"I thank Thee, God, Thou hast been good to me; good to me."

The two Brothers crossed themselves and knelt down beside the lifeless form of the old monk. And suddenly the low, sweet chimes of the chapel bell pealed forth and a long line of brown-robed monks filed out into the shadowed cloister in the quiet that is dusk.

—BETH SHERWOOD

*Judges:* MISS COLE, MISS EDWARDS, MISS BURGESS.

The story winning honorable mention was written by Mollie Bennett, but cannot be printed for lack of space.

## The Command

Leap up—as the wind leaps to the dying moon,  
Leap up—and bend the tall trees,  
Leap up—and wrestle and flurry the snowdrifts,  
And toss your head with the breeze.

Go on—as the river flows to the sea,  
Go on—and wing your bright way,  
Go on—and drown your sorrow and grief,  
For they will fade with the day,

Come forth—as the red rose bursts from her bud,  
Come forth—and look to the sky,  
Come forth—and leap like the wavelets at play,  
And laugh till your tears are dry.

—HENRIETTE PIRRUNG

## The Dream Ship

A little silver ship sailed out—so silently, so silently—  
Its sails were all of silver sheets that shimmered in the sun,  
And little dreams, my little dreams, were loaded on its shining deck—  
Rosy dreams and grayish dreams; my day dreams, every one.

There were rosy dreams of romances, of moonlight nights and cypress trees,  
There were vivid dreams of world success, of victory, of fame,  
And pale green dreams of woodland pools, October skies and crocuses,  
And tiny little yellow dreams that haven't any name.

That little silver ship sailed on—so dreamily, so dreamily—  
And all its tiny pennants were a-fluttering in the breeze,  
And still I stood and watched it go—so silently, so dreamily—  
The tiny silver dream ship that sails the summer seas.

—BETH SHERWOOD

[This play was written as a part of Junior Literature Course, 1927.]

## The Minstrel-Monk

Dramatization of a Twelfth-Century Legend

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*The Virgin*

*The Minstrel Monk*

*The Abbot*

*The Friar*

*Chorus of Monks*

The scene represents the interior of a cathedral adjoining a monastery; the action takes place in a side chapel dedicated to the Virgin. The stage is dimly lighted, suggesting dawn, though the furnishings may be readily distinguished. At the back of the stage is a tall, graceful window of stained glass. At the base of this window is a low altar with steps on either side. At the right of the altar, and flickeringly alight by its candles, is to be recognized by her patrons the statue of the Mother of Christ. The statue is possessed of unusual sweetness and tenderness. It is clothed in white with a robe of heavenly blue in double folds. On the head is a crown of finely-wrought gold. On either side of the figure are other softly-burning candles.

Toward the front of the stage, and placed equidistant from either side, are two fairly-defined Gothic columns, each being massive enough to provide ample hiding place for a human figure. These two columns are connected with the sides of the stage by heavily-carved wooden screens which cut off a view of the altar except through the central space of division.

At the lifting of the curtains, voices are heard chanting matins, presumably in the main part of the cathedral which is reached by a low doorway at the right. The amen is sung, and the abbot and friar enter with bowed heads. In front of the screen to the left is a stone bench. Toward this they slowly move, appearing to be in serious conversation. The abbot is wearing a white robe, a large rosary hanging from his leathern girdle. A brown cowl has fallen back over his shoulders. The friar is in the brown of his order. He is younger and less portly than his companion. Both churchmen carry a book of chants and a half-burned candle. The friar bows and starts to leave, but is stopped by the abbot's detaining hand.

ABBOT: Brother, what idle talk is this within our sacred walls, concerning the newcomer, the erstwhile minstrel lad? Methought he was possessed of great zeal when he did apply for sanctuary under our roof. I recall the day when first he came to this brotherhood. I was walking in the orchard when I was startled by a weak voice at my side. On looking round, I beheld a slight figure which scarce reached to my shoulder. It was our friend, the minstrel, and in such plight as I hope ne'er to see again. His hair hung over his shoulders in matted locks, dust-covered and begrimed. His garments, too, were sore to look upon, consisting of a tunic, once rich, now ragged and soiled, and breeches quite robbed of their former fineness. His cap of blue velvet he wore in courtly fashion. On beholding this quaint figure I could but smile, but at his eyes and his plaint my smile quickly died. For nigh upon a week had he gone with scarcely bite or sup, and it was with tears he besought me for a night's lodging. On the morrow I sought to discover whither he was bound, and learned that he knew not which way to turn. An exile he was from the court of the King of France. Banished from royal favor for what seemed a trivial cause, he was cast upon the world, sans friend, sans fortune. When I became thus aware of his sad plight, I besought him, as you know, to remain with us; to accept our simple fare, and to work his way to salvation here with us. The man assured me he could but dance and sing, and yet I was moved to pity and besought him to remain with us.

## ||| The CUPOLA |||

This he seemed most eager to do. Hath his fervor to learn our ways so soon abated? Doth he want earnestness that you rue his presence in our holy place?

FRIAR: Nay, good father; 't is not his earnestness that we deplore. But there is naught that he can do. How to trip and spring he knows right well; alas, naught else! He hath conned no lesson. Neither pater noster, ave, nor credo can he recite, nor else that may make for his soul's salvation. True, the goods he was possessed of he hath surrendered to Holy Church, but he knows no trade that he may ply in this Holy Order.

It has come to us that not long since he was of high repute in the world of the King of France. The story goes that each day he sang, and tumbled and danced before his royal highness to put him in good humor before the weighty matters of the day were discussed. 'T is even said that in such pleasing manner was all this done that the young queen would gaze upon him with admiring eyes and shower upon him her benefits. 'T is even whispered that 't was for that very thing the minstrel was —(the abbot raises a restraining hand, and the friar bows)—but now, 't is a far different man, Father Abbot, whom we have in our Holy Order. He is solitary and always idle. Even to sing he seems not able. For long hours he wanders 'neath the willows along the river side. The brothers grow afraid of his strange ways, and now none willingly approach him. At repast he takes his place—humbly yes—but scarcely doth morsel ever pass his lips.

ABBOT: But is it that he doth not *conform*; that he hath ever rebelled?

FRIAR: Nay, Father Abbot. No more meek or willing mortal could be found. Knowing that 't is our custom to give way to no idle speech, he allows no sound to pass his lips. He is as one dumb; as one laboring under some grievous burden which he will not lighten by honest industry.

ABBOT: I will keep watch upon this young dancer, my brother, but do thou go to the refectory; too long have I kept thee from thy repast.

The friar bows low, and disappears through the doorway at the right. The abbot remains seated a moment as if in deep thought, then rises, bows to the altar and before the Virgin, and goes out by the door at the left.

[Suddenly the silence is broken by a stifled sob issuing from behind the great column at the left. A slender figure flashes forth from the shadow and prostrates itself before the statue of the Virgin. It is the figure of a lithe, singularly graceful young man wearing garb similar to that worn by the friar. After a moment of sobs which seem to torture his frame, he speaks in a voice sweet and beseeching, though faltering.]

MINSTREL: Dear God, why do they thus make sport of me? I know I am idle, but is it my fault I have ne'er been taught their ways? (Rises and walks restlessly about.) In France they loved my singing, my tumbling, my dancing. 'T was all I ever did; all I was expected to do. And yet how the king loved to see my turns and twists. He would laugh with joy whene'er I walked upon my hands or did some feat right difficult. They loved my dancing. Oh, why did there come that day when I was sent forth into the bleak world—miserable and unfriended—for what offense I know not. And then came that day, after many and many a mile of weary begging the road, when I came upon this hospice. The abbot was kind and he did suffer me, but he did not understand, nor do these brothers who do naught but pray and whisper and nod their heads where'er I go. My heart is heavy. (Goes back to the statue and looks at it as he speaks further.) I bow to thee, dear lady, my heart will break with all this solemn strangeness. Thou, dear God, and Thy Holy Mother are my only

friends. (Kneels.) Help Thou me. (For a moment he seems to pray silently and then his voice is heard.) Holy Mary Mother do beg your Sovereign Father that He hold me in His good pleasure and send me His council that I may shortly have the power to serve; that I may serve and so earn the food that I do take; for I know well that I do misreceive them if I labour not. Oh, wretched me! Truly I have no business here, for I know not what to do or say. A very wretch was I when I gave myself to this Holy Order, for I know naught—but—to dance. (There follows a pause, during which time the monk rises to a standing position; his face grows from despair—through hope—at last to a radiance. Then he speaks.) Shall I do it? Dare I? By the Mother of God—I will! I shall ne'er be blamed for this thing if I do what I have but learned, and serve the Virgin according to my trade. The rest serve in chanting; I will serve in dancing.

(The monk in a frenzy snatches off his robe and strips himself but for a white tunic. He throws the robe on the stone steps leading to the altar. He takes his stand before the statue of the Virgin, humbly and yet radiantly.)

MINSTREL: Lady, to your protection I commend myself—my body and my soul. Sweet queen, despise not the only thing I know, for I would feign essay to serve you in good faith if God aid me without guile. I can nor chant nor read to you in Latin, but certes, the others serve in doing what they can, and so will I. Lady, look upon your servant, for I serve you for your disport. (The minstrel begins to dance, bowing and swaying before the statue. He even tumbles in feats remarkable and of extraordinary skill. At last his voice is heard. As the words form themselves, strains of music are heard once more from the cathedral and then he speaks.)

Lady, I adore you with heart and body, feet and hands—I can no more; no less. Henceforth I will ever be your minstrel. They may sing in there together; they may lament and weep; they may groan and sigh and offer many penances and holy works, but I will dance here and entertain you. Lady, despise not my service. (The minstrel sudden springs erect and performs an intricate figure. He laughs.) Ah, lady, I ne'er did that before, so save me God! That does not rank among inferior feats, for 't is new and hard—and all my own. (The minstrel now shows signs of great exhaustion; he falters, then resumes his dance in a more and more halting manner. He speaks.)

How weak and low a thing is man, indeed. Here am I who know neither chant nor psalter and can only dance in my own fashion before the Queen of Heaven. And now, how feeble are my steps and how oft I falter! I feel my breath like a rustling wind through my parched throat, while my heart doth flutter like a fallen sparrow. (The dance now falters more and more.) Give me my strength to dance for you but a little longer. Let me dance till the hour of the mass and then I'll flee, for if I linger here they will find me, despise me for not laboring o'er the missal or singing hymns in Latin as do they. They call me but an idler and a dreamer, but, dear lady, you understand; you know I serve you but as best I can.

Oh, but let me dance for you, in peace; 't is all I pray! (The young brother's efforts have now become more halting and he stumbles and falls. While he is prostrate thus in exhaustion, sounds of approaching voices are heard and the abbot appears through the doorway at the right, accompanied by the same friar as before. They walk toward the left, but stop in amazement on catching sight of the minstrel at the altar steps. The friar starts forward toward the figure, but the abbot restrains him. The abbot speaks in a low tone.)

ABBOT: Wait; 't is our minstrel friend, resting from his labours. 'T is strange. Let us hide behind this great pillar and take cognizance of his movements. Ah, he rises!

## § The CUPOLA §

[The abbot and the friar hastily take their stations behind the pillar where they see through the warden grill without being seen. The minstrel with an effort drops himself to his knees. In a hoarsened but most reverent tone he speaks.]

MINSTREL: My lady. I am very weak, I fear, dear mother, that this heart will soon cease its wild beatings. You have seen that all I can do is to dance. Latin I cannot say. I have tried, but, alas in vain to con the lessons of the learned monks. Alas, they but set my brain awlirl. I am ignorant, lady, of all they know; but I have tried to serve you as I can. (The minstrel again dances, though slowly and wearily. A faint light now throws into relief the figure on its cross from its station on the altar.)

FRIAR: In faith, here is fine sport. Methinks this is most profane. Why ne'er before has mortal thus conducted himself within the sacred precincts of this monastery. There are the others at their orisons, and toiling for the House, while he is dancing as proudly as if he owned an hundred marks of silver.

ABBOT: Hush thy prattling tongue! Who knows but this is true prayer, heard and sanctioned by our Mother Mary? Listen, how he doth pray. Hinder him not, for he appears near unto death with zeal and fatigue.

MINSTREL: (In low and faltering voice.) I have danced for you—lady, as I ne'er danced before the mighty ones of France—and (pantingly)—something now hurts here. (Places hand over heart.) I feel that my heart is—bursting. Dear lady, look upon your servant; ah, smile—smile upon your minstrel for he can no longer breathe. (Sinks exhausted to knees, looking only at the Virgin. Abbot and friar kneel, crossing themselves. Music is heard from the cathedral. Suddenly the image becomes flooded with a rich golden light which illumines its features—young and lovely. Slowly and with a graceful movement the statue stirs. It gathers its mantle of blue about its form and slowly descends from the pedestal. It moves on and finally stands over the minstrel's form. The holy figure stretches forth its hands in benediction. The Virgin's face now becomes illumined and shows a beatific smile. The young minstrel who has watched this miracle, half lying, half kneeling, now falls forward on his face, lifeless. The monks bow to the floor. It is daybreak now, and the figure on the altar shines in glowing light. At that moment the chimes of the cathedral peal forth loudly. As the sound of the bells die away, the image graciously bends over the still form at her feet, and softly covers the minstrel's figure with a blue mantle. She goes to the altar, returning with two candles which she places, one at the head, one at the feet of the minstrel. The Virgin then kneels in an attitude of prayer. The abbot and friar tell their beads. Raising her hands in a lovely gesture the Virgin removes from her head the crown of gold and lowers it till for a moment it touches the head of the minstrel. She replaces the crown and, rising, stands triumphantly stretching her hands over the body in an attitude of final blessing. Then the Blessed Vision speaks very softly, very tenderly, while the brothers are heard softly chanting afar in the cathedral.)

VIRGIN: Oh minstrel-monk, thou who didst dance to honor thy heavenly mother, and who, dancing, didst die at her feet, not in vain hast thou prayed and laboured at thy trade; not in vain hast thou exhorted the Heavenly Host. In gratitude, thy protectress takes unto herself thy loving service—for no man hath better deserved. (Drawing her cloak about herself, the Virgin retreats and slowly remounts the pedestal, resuming her original position. A sevenfold amen is heard from the cathedral. The abbot and friar make the sign of the cross, rise to their feet, bow to the Virgin, and then approach most reverently the body of the dead minstrel.

## ❧ | *The CUPOLA* | ❧

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FRIAR: Have mercy, Father Abbot! This was a holy man. If I have said aught concerning him amiss, 't is meet my body make it good. Lay on me penance, for beyond all doubt this was a holy man. Woe is me that I did ever speak aught against him!

ABBOT: You speak true; God hath made us to know right well how he hath loved our minstrel with a love all tender. Now I command you, in virtue of obedience, straightway, and under pain of falling under sentence, that you speak to no man of what you have seen.

FRIAR: I promise.

ABBOT: Then to the monastery go and proclaim the tidings of our venerable brother's death. Summon the monks here to do honor to our dead. (The friar goes to the right, and the abbot bows in prayer by the minstrel.)

Dear brother, in life it was not given you to be understood and to be wholly of our life, but in death you are ours. From your eternal abode look down upon your unworthy abbot. Sweet brother, intercede our Heavenly Father for me.

[The chanting, which has been but faintly heard, now sounds close at hand, and a solemn procession of a dozen monks enters from the left. They are clothed as their order; each one carries a lighted taper and a psalter. They are chanting the "Dies Irae." The last two monks are carrying a bowl of holy water and a sprinkler which they give to the abbot. The abbot takes his place at the head of the minstrel's body, and the monks group themselves in a semicircle about.]

Brothers—one of us has gone to join the Heavenly Host, and we are gathered together in this chapel to do honor to one who has truly served. Methinks 't would be more fitting to raise glad hymns of praise to Heaven than to sing a chant of death. Look thou at the smile upon his face and let us join in glad hymns of praise at his blessed release; glad hymns that our blessed lady has called to herself her minstrel-monk.

[The abbot sprinkles the body of the minstrel with holy water, after which he beckons to certain monks to lift the body aloft. The monks begin the *Te Deum*. The procession, singing, moves slowly to the left. The body is borne by the monks, still covered by the Virgin's miraculous mantle of heavenly blue. The chanting continues until it dies in the far distance. The forefront of the chapel is again bare, save for the two tall candlesticks marking the space where the minstrel's body has lately lain. A shaft of full morning light now touches the figure of the Virgin. Suddenly the cathedral bells peal joyously and the curtain shuts from view the chapel of our blessed lady.]

—JESSIE CLARK

## JUNIOR VERSE OF 1927

### A Day's Been Mine

The pale gray mists of early dawn  
Making lazy dreams of all the earth,  
Sifting softly over the young trees' green  
And shading distances with mystery.  
The soft, faint tinge of brightness comes,  
An opalescent glow . . . the palest touch  
Of pink, hinting shyly of the day;  
Then over the blue-gray of the hills  
A blood-red ball appears,  
Clear-cut and warm, rising  
Slowly, inevitably behind the fretwork  
Screen of one black-twigged tree;  
Red . . . red . . . ever-deepening fire hue—  
Till the bubble of light bursts brilliantly  
Into formless flame, and day is gloriously flaunted,  
And the mists have drifted, melted.  
Merged into the warmth of golden sunlight,  
Till in the brightness of the blue exults the noon—  
Living, throbbing, noon.  
The soft drowsy whiteness of clouds  
High-drifting, listlessly unhurried  
By the playful whims of the wind,  
The shimmering touch of sunlight  
On water . . . flickering, quivering, glancing,  
Green and blue and silver;  
Sunlight on flowers—myriad-colored,  
Bathing them sleepily with pale white gold;  
Sunlight in deep woods . . . broken bits  
Falling here and there upon the thick  
Black shade of mossy forest depths;  
Sunlight on oceans . . . hills . . . breath-taking brightness!

And then soft twilight;  
The darkening fall from rose to gold  
To dusky lavender. Blue shadows  
Lengthening . . . and a hush of color  
As the sun sinks silently behind  
Far hills, and leaves the day  
Soft-tinted with faintest memories  
Of the purple and gold and scarlet  
Blaze of day. The hush of dusk—  
The gentle shrouding of all the earth  
With the gossamer scarf of darkness—  
And now night—gray-blue, deep blue,  
Blue-black—and then the black of jet.

❧ | *The CUPOLA* | ❧

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Moonlight—silver shine of pebbles  
Magically transformed, silver shimmer  
Of quiet pools holding silver lilies,  
Silver and black, and black, again.  
Mystery of night that has no color,  
Yet holds the flaming banners  
Of the day in its cool and quiet depths;  
Holds beauty there, quiescent,  
Still living in another form.

Oh, all these colors have been mine!  
Beauty is no tangent, shifting thing;  
The day's been mine; just one? (you say)  
Ah no, who loves life's color,  
Has in this one day—all.

—MARIE HORST

### “Petite Pourquoi”

Oh, why is the grass hardly seen?  
And why is this called 'dogwood'?  
And why are the trees so green?  
Why do the woods say, "come"?  
Why? Oh, because, my dear, it is Spring.

But why do the birds always sing?  
And why do the bees say, "hum-m"—  
And why should they have wings  
And fly, when we have none?  
Why? Oh, because, my dear, it is Spring.

Well, but why is the sky so blue?  
Who makes the flowers come out?  
Why should all be fresh and new  
And tadpoles flop about?  
Why? Oh, because, my dear, it is Spring.

I know, but why do I love you,  
And why do you so love me?  
Now, *momsie*, please don't you  
Say . . . Don't you ever tell me . . .  
“Why? Oh, because, my dear, it is Spring.”

—MARY POPE

## The Little Lover

The little lover I am called;  
 I love such little things, you know,  
 Small acorns, green, with brownie caps,  
 And moss whose stockings green the feet  
 Of trees, and tender-colored toadstools with  
 Their beetle-spotted backs, and beetles, too,  
 And little crawling insects, sleazy-winged,  
 And birds that are too young to fly . . . and cry  
 Within the nest like babies; and the nest itself,  
 And flowers so shy they hide beneath the grass;  
 And star-grass, too, that tiny étoile blue  
 That falls from the sky, I guess;  
 Then pebbles with their rounded, stream-washed sides,  
 Pastel when dry, they gleam like river jewels  
 When dipped into the water near the shore.  
 All these I've loved, and love . . . and many more.

But there are homely things that I love, too,  
 The fine uncouthness of my oldest clothes,  
 My ragged sweater and my sunburned skirt,  
 My ancient, stretchy shoes, my faded shirt.  
 And modern things . . . The tiny starting whirr  
 Of cars at night, the lighter on the board,  
 The little glittering key that governs all  
 The power, and the steady, soothing purr.  
 The scrunch of Deauville sandals on the floor,  
 The smell of liquid polish for my nails,  
 The glow and gloss of patent-leather belts,  
 The frightened sparkle of a candle's tip,  
 The minty taste of toothpaste in my mouth,  
 The sleek, fat look of pincushions stuck full,  
 The paper smell of magazines, and then  
 The dull sheen of the photographs within—  
 The smart and sketchy drawings of the mode—  
 The hipless ladies, icy-eyed, in *Vogue*.  
 Advertisements running down the page  
 From auto tires and shoes to Listerine;  
 And dictionary words I've never used,  
 But which I love to read and awe myself  
 With my stupendous ignorance of words.

The little lover I am called;  
I love such little things, you know,  
All little puppies with their happy tails  
And eager, friendly tongues; I love their eyes  
So sparkling with life's fun, so foolish-wise,  
And tiny calves with wobbling untried legs,  
And baby lambs with pasture-scented breath,  
And little colts so awfully young and slim,  
Who keep to mother's side and learn to run,  
And baby ducks and chicks, whoever felt fine silk  
So soft and fluffy to the touch as these?  
And little things in early morning, never still,  
The myriad dewdrops on the littlest leaves,  
The tiny twitter underneath the eaves.  
Oh yes, big things I love in their immensity  
But little things are very dear to me.

—ESTHER GOETZ

## Prepared For Sports

Into the gym they came, a motley crew, prepared for the afternoon's athletics. There were present four distinct interpretations of the nineteen twenty-eight young woman athlete.

First there was the golfer, wearing an orange tam placed upon the top of her head and a black velvet jacket with brass buttons. She carried a few golf clubs and wore an expression which said, "They're making me go out and walk around. I may occasionally take a swing at the ball, which I may or may not hit."

Then amidst a swirl of black silk tie and copiously pleated bloomers, there bounced into the seat next me one whom I recognized as the type who cannot lose her femininity. She is proud of the fact, and ties a small white ribbon bow over one eye to accentuate it.

In the meantime there slumped nearby the sportswoman who may be classified as "carefully careless," the rakish baby-blue hat poised at the exact angle where it would make the eyes look most blue, most innocent, the blue shirt open at the neck in an intriguingly boyish fashion, the belt, with blue stripe predominating, and the slim, arrogant blue legs, all went to compose a whole which at first glance seemed charmingly accidental, but upon more careful consideration, too obviously planned.

And then she blustered in at last, the real athlete, from head to toes, her costume, expression, bearing, seemed to shout, "I am your model from two to four. I am strong, sure of myself, expert at game. I wear clothes necessary to comfort, no baby-blue hats for me! I'm rough. I am the real athlete!"

—CAROL BAGBY

## The Singing Impulse

Music is an unrequited love of mine. I admire it. I listen patiently to it and for it. In all its forms I cherish it. Yet it will not let me play with it; it will not throb down my stiff fingers, nor issue from my smiling lips. The best that I can do is to manage a phonograph, and even then I am liable to forget to change its needle. Indeed, I am even helpless with the ukelele; not, let me add, in the way which a ukelele reduces some people to romantic submission, but in that I am able to do no more with its strings than tie knots in them; this may partially be due to my being a bit tone-deaf. Moreover, since I had my teeth straightened, I cannot longer whistle with my pristine excellence. Sad, isn't it, for anyone who is a perfect conductor for a symphony? Not the conductor that wields the baton but the kind that is charged with the electricity of musical enthusiasm.

Despite this inaptitude for wooing the musical muse, I have the singing impulse, often to an irritating degree. When it comes, it is under the most propitious circumstances and is irresistible; otherwise, on so tenuous a cord does it hang, that it cannot be conjured up by bribe or lure. There have been weeks when I could not sing; when to try, seemed disloyal to an aching heart; but unfortunately for the chance listener, there come relapses to joyousness which seek expression, and once more the impulse becomes irresistible. Then only a tune can relieve the pressure of joy; only a murmur of song can feebly express the happiness within—the singing impulse is distinctly a symptom.

Nevertheless—musically, I make one claim to distinction; I am a choir substitute. Not a distinguished fact in itself, it becomes one with realization that anyone with a fairly good voice can be such a substitute, but that only a rare and determined individual can secure the position without the requisite voice! This is my triumphant instance of the spirit's winning though the flesh be wondrous weak . . . .

—ROWENA THOM

Here in the quiet darkness,  
Under the creaking spars,  
My soul ebbs out in music  
Into a tide of stars,  
Till the stress of my life flows starward—  
Starward, and is gone,  
Leaving God in the darkness;  
God and myself alone.

—LETTIE McCONNELL

## Heart-Song

I can live by bells patiently now, do monotonous lessons, be content in this small boarding-school world. Yes, these things I can do, for I am different; I have heard Pan piping.

We were painting in that quaint little round studio that was like a mushroom grown suddenly in the woods. The sun slanted through the trees, and broke, mingling its gold with the cool shadows, and there were all those faint noises that are quieter than silence—the rustle of a falling leaf, the faint swish of water sliding over smooth stones, and the ceaseless chirp of crickets. Quiet—oh, so quiet! And then it broke. A thin, silvery note trembled through the stillness, and another, and another, until the whole exquisite, enchanting tune rose to its climax, and was no more. Breathless, we crept to the door. There was no one there, and the woods were friendly and held no hiding places. Again the tune, down from the treetops, over the stream, from everywhere, it poured down upon us, came with the sunlight, and as the sun sank into the purple mists of distance, it grew fainter and fainter. Finally came dusk, and only that whispering, intimate silence again.

—MARIE HORST

## A Poem

The breath of God is a whispering—  
It is the hush of lacy shadows at night,  
It is the stir of soft voiceless things in the dark,  
It is the deep, sweet green of the sea,  
It is the dancing foam on the wave crests,  
It is the throbbing of my heart, so close to yours,  
Yet it is not. Who are we? We three?  
You are you, I am I . . . . and Thee?

Thou art the thing as we see it,  
Thou art the Art of our being,  
The golden aurora of sunbursts,  
The freshness of day before it is born,  
The love of a man and a maid not yet met,  
The music that died in the soul of Beethoven,  
The dreams of da Vinci,  
The poems of Dante,  
Who are we? We three?  
You are you, I am I, and . . . . Thee?

—LETTIE MCCONNELL

## Gargoyle

I am the gargoyle—ugly, grim,  
High on the cathedral's Gothic brim,  
Black with age; with fungus dim.

High in the stark blue, empty sky  
A gargoyle—ugly, sad am I,  
Hideous, twisted, longing to die!

Down in my hear, if heart beats here,  
Is love for the God who is so near,  
And love for the mighty church—my bier.

For I was a wayward, wicked priest,  
Weary of ritual, longing for feast.  
My body was human; my soul, half beast!

So out I strode from the churchyard gate  
To a life of lust and love and hate,  
And then I came back, disconsolate.

In misery, vile, I crawled to the place  
Where I'd burst forth, boldly, with challenging face,  
And now I was back with a sinner's grace.

I knelt down low at the altar's rail,  
And hoped that my prayers might still avail,  
And swore that this time I would not fail.

Then the church was lit by a splendid light,  
And a hand on my eyes shut out my sight,  
And a voice said clearly from out the night—

"You will nevermore leave this hallowed hall,  
Alive, yet dead, on its highest wall,  
You will leer your graceless head at all.

You, who loved beauty and life so well,  
Not doomed to death but the living hell  
Of a life in death, in a granite shell."

I am the gargoyle—ugly clod,  
High on the cathedral's upmost rod,  
Dead though alive, who has talked with God.

—BETH SHERWOOD

## The Clown

To feel, to know oneself capable of doing serious, good things, and yet, because the world sees one only as a clown, a maker of foolishness, to be deprived of doing them—what misery! Hopeless aspiration is the soul's tragedy; it is this the clown knows when, tossing off his mask, he strives in vain to make himself recognized. Making people laugh is happy work and lulls the clown to a false sense of security, born of the knowledge that the laughing man is harmless. But laughter-making also brings forgetfulness of a man's judgment when his mirth has cooled and when in sharp alertness he searches a crusader.

Sometimes that obliviousness to criticism, that satisfaction of having done something to cheer and rally, lasts a long while, but when comes that awakening to the meaning of being thought a clown, there is a moment of heartbreaking realization that is not easily forgotten. When the clown learns that he is only an instrument for laughter; that all his finer impulses are hidden from the world's sight under a grinning mask of comedy; that his ardor, his purposefulness, is inconceivable to the world; then, ah then! the clown may cry, softly, to himself. To himself only may he go for comfort, for should he be seen crying, his tears would be thought only a ruse, another mask, to help him prattle to the crowd.

I know a clown. I think his soul's triumphant moment came when he returned one day to a place where he had made so many laugh, to find there a new community that did not remember him for what he used to be. Someone watched him as he looked about with eager, burning eye and, not knowing what his past had been, held out to him, as to another not a clown, the chance to do worthy, serious things. Each opportunity he cherished as a trust; he strove to justify the judgment that had placed before him what his spirit hungered after. And because he was a clown, he remembered to laugh at himself when necessary, and tried to go his way—a man.

—ROWENA THOM

## Bulletin Boards

It would appear that we are living in an age of renaissance. In consequence, our one-track minds have been expanding over many tracks, and our conservative sensibilities have been startled by the sudden decease of many of our old habits. At first, perhaps, we are stunned, but ere long, vestiges of comfort filter through our adamantine skulls, and the seat of consciousness becomes soothed.

But lately defunct is one of our old habits—so old and so ingrown, in fact, that it might even be termed a tradition—namely, *NOTICES IN THE DINING ROOM* "Requiescat in Pace."

Now there were not any particular advantages in the Dining Room Notice System. They were always read to the accompaniment of the dishwashing apparatus, and at the precise moment when you were in the act of conveying to mouth some choice morsel. For ten minutes you would be forced to pause, spoon in hand, and cultivate an attitude of tension. After notices, there was always the delightful sport of seeing who was to be excused first from the table. It was a losing game.

Now, one spends one's waking hours hovering about the Bulletin Board. One punches, one shoves, one loiters, one reads the week-old notices, overlooking the new ones. They seem to haunt us somehow. We awaken in the morning with the hope that that compass is not still unclaimed . . .

But in a debate, I am sure that Bulletin Board would triumph over Dining Room, for let us not forget that without dining room notices we will never again hear the gentle murmur, "Will every girl please carry her chair into Great Hall!" *Deo gratias.*

—JESSIE CLARK

## Chapel

I sit in chapel and stare in silence at the great blue curtain of the sky through the far window. It is dusk, and the low notes of the organ fill the half darkness. It is the music for my play; my play that is acted on the white stage of the window against the evening blue background of the sky. The scene is set; on come the players. They take their places; the great prompter gives them their cue, and the play is on. From my pew I watch it with half-closed eyes; watch the moon sway back and forth between the fixed masts of the schooner; watch the boy and the girl as they listen to the lap-lapping of the waves, but I grow tired, for they are so silent and so very much absorbed, and I wave my hand. Instantly the scene shifts. It is a gay scene; there are many, many people who run here and there, who dance and sing, and in the midst I see myself, the gayest and maddest of all. It is a garden, and it is in Heidelberg. But no, the scene has shifted and there are but two players, alone . . . "As long as I believe in God, I'll believe in you . . ." and I wonder to myself, if the blond boy who is saying the lines is an atheist. And on goes the play. As suddenly as though time had blown dust into my eyes, it is over. Out file the musicians. The stage is left bare; only I am left, I and my players who stand behind the curtain of midnight blue, waiting for the curtain call that never comes.

—BETH SHERWOOD

## Solitude

[Thoughts on the stairs in chapel during the organ recital.]

Swaying, always swaying in the wind,  
The lantern creaks, and swings in time  
Against a gray-blue sky;  
A sky that's lightened just a bit  
By red, way in the west.  
The cold, red-orange ball sinks down  
Below the distant purple trees  
That stretch endlessly along  
The skyline, bleak and cold.

Inside all is chilly, too,  
The obscure twilight shadows resting  
Here and there are broken only  
By a yellow gleam that sends  
Its halo round about one corner, dim.  
Music, soft and low, throbs through  
The silent room; then echoes once again;  
Like a heavenly voice it seems to wing  
Its way to hearts in pain  
That need celestial aid.

Far down gleams a window,  
Clear and naked,  
Like a soul that shines into Eternity;  
It seems a dream of Faith,  
Truth, Hope, and Charity.  
The shadows turn from dusk to black  
And lengthen into night.  
The pulsating voice dies down;  
Outside, the rustling trees are still;  
Then comes a hush,  
A silence broken by a sob,  
The wind.

—EMILY POPE

## The Birthday Situation

Having accumulated more of them than appears, I feel qualified to make some comments on the advantages of having a birthday aside from the purely materialistic aspect. From the individual viewpoint, birthdays may mean the opportunity for new expansion; the necessary complement to some alluring freedom; that is, the nice ones, those on the pleasant side of ninety, may; but after that they probably mean only another year to watch the follies of the grandchildren.

Somehow, having a birthday makes the fairies one's patrons, so that smiles both given and received are brighter and more abundant than on other days. This constitutes the real glorification of the date; it is the atmosphere of gladness, of friendliness, and the feeling that it is especially happy to have been born because other people seem to think so, too. To accentuate the radiance of the hero of the birthday, whose particular property the day seems to be, the rest of mankind appears but incidental, rather as a colorful, necessary background.

That there is an actual birthday-psychology seems to be the case. And this is seen in an emanation of friendliness, an inability to harbor ill-will, a desire to embrace mankind in a fond and brotherly manner is likewise true. Therefore, it seems as if the whole difficulty of mankind's unhappiness would be solved were everyone to remember that every day is someone's birthday; consequently, a time to be glad, and to act accordingly.

—ROWENA THOM

## Moorland

Gray as the stone dikes below, a somber cloud overhung the moor. The heather, tinging the moor with rippling waves of purple in the wind, gave a glow to the stern, forbidding sky. It climbed the rolling hills and covered every inch of earth with its warm cheerfulness. Ponies, wild from living always on the moor, dashed spiritedly over the ground, their coats shaggy and their manes long. Away on one side a gray stone house with a slate roof stood out among a group of pines. Its many chimney-pots, unused, and windows staring vacantly upon the air, gave it a desolate look. On the other side were a man and a boy with guns, apparently in wait for expected quail. In the foreground, over a stony bed, tumbled a moorland stream, fresh and bubbling from an unknown source. The wind rose and the clouds rushed gloriously across the sky; a faint gleam of sunlight struck the water; it touched the heather, made it seem alive, and gently shone down on the ponies. All the moor awoke and squirrels raced from rock to rock; the place appeared transfigured by a queer, uncanny, lemon light. Then—the clouds blew once again together, and the rain began to fall.

—JEAN SYMINTON

## Samson and The Woman of Timnah

The hot sun of the golden Holy Land  
Paints checkered patterns on the sturdy walls,  
Slants through the date palms, lights with burning brand  
The century-heavy squalor of the streets, and falls  
With milder eye upon a girl it spies—  
A girl sleek-haired and olive-skinned and fair—  
So languid, and so evening-dark her eyes,  
No darker than the waving wealth of hair,  
And dying 'twixt her lips a desert rose;  
Dies of blushing shame, perhaps, who knows?

Timnah at noonday—when the city sleeps—  
A camel's heavy trappings jingle fretfully,  
A wretched cur whose life is but a kick  
Can snatch a scanty nap, and wakes regretfully.  
The flies buzz over all, so drowsy-sick,  
A hungry baby wakes alone and weeps—  
Dear God! The heat . . . wilt Thou indeed be near  
These loving, hating, striving masses here?

A horse's hoofs stir up the stifling dust;  
The girl looks up in fear, but, shy, looks down.  
A youth reins in his mount and halts it just  
Beside the maiden with a puzzled frown.

She meets his eyes—they hold—a mute duet  
Played in the minor on a silver flute . . .  
No word was spoken, but as by consent,  
With eyes alight by Love's delight made mute,  
Straight as an arrow from his steed he bent  
And plucked her up like a little wayside flower,  
And set her on before him tenderly—  
Nor did she tremble fearfully, nor cower,  
Albeit she was frailly made, and slenderly.

||| *The CUPOLA* |||

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Ah, Love is kind to those who serve her Altar,  
And Youth in love is heedless of the heat,  
But if the mouth grows parched, and footsteps falter,  
Night creeps apace . . . . and Night and Love are sweet.

So Samson, of the mighty deeds unnumbered,  
Took from a strange and alien land a wife;  
And, while the ever-sleepy desert slumbered,  
Loved his betrayer as he loved his life.  
Black as a panther's was his head, and lithe  
His gleaming body—oiled, to keep it strong;  
Steady his gaze, his fist was like a scythe  
To strike an enemy, or right a wrong.  
And deep and subtle was his brilliant mind,  
His shoulders broad to bear the giant oak,  
But weak and soft his tender heart, and kind  
Until betrayed by two, at last it spoke,  
And Samson died, a bitter man and sad,  
For women were all faithless, cruel, unfair,  
The "Strongest of the Strong," the "fearless lad,"  
Was caught by weakling woman's spider-snare!

—ESTHER GOETZ

## My Essays

The essays I would like to write would be like these little ones grown up; they would be like the life I know, all full of incident, and the joy and color of things, with humor showing through them like batik. Their works should be my own, but with that rich, suggestive wealth which makes each reader take them to his heart to weave his own romance about their surplus meaning. Their ideas should have my own original but not eccentric touch, so that everyone could fondly claim them as what he had always thought but could never so bewitchingly express. Their length should be elastic, which simply means the very length that's wanted when they're chanced upon. Their message should be a happy one, to teach the fun in little things, to inspire the docile reader to expect, and consequently find, some diversion in the merest triviality. People who are always looking for big moments, might read them, and learn to apply to life the pertinent platitude of "save the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." The essays I should like to write would reflect life's fascination so clearly that their observations would seem almost inevitable, yet never had been quite so deftly done before.

—ROWENA THOM

## An August Holiday

Trees banking the twisting stream made patterns of sun and shade on the shallow water. Downstream stood an old brick bridge through which the boats came from a park. There the turf ran down to the water's edge and the gardens were bright with beds of roses encircled by closely-clipped hedges, but upstream were open fields covered with growing things and dotted with red brick farms and Elizabethan cottages. Cattle were grazing unconcernedly; the stream was crowded with punting parties; rhythmically the poles splashed in hollow harmony; some glided skilfully ahead while others stopped alongside ivy-covered banks. Children, with their nurses, and boys and girls enjoyed their afternoon tea. In the distance a churchbell tolled five; its steeple was barely visible above a slight rise in the land. Peace permeated the atmosphere, then low laughter joined the lapping of the water. It was an August holiday.

—JEAN SYMINTON

## Ad Infinitum

I looked out over the world, and as I looked I saw great black iron wheels turning round and round, sweeping and churning unmercifully the mad waters of Humanity. All this faded, and I saw the wheels turn into a gigantic monster with glaring eyes and a gaping mouth, belching forth black smoke. Into the mouth of the thing an infinite stream of people was treading with leaden steps. The iron Monster of Mechanics was doing his part to eradicate mankind from the earth. As I watched, this monster slowly gave place to a barren field—a great field stretching to the horizon, and there loomed a figure whose cruel white face was accentuated by his black, black cloak and shining black weapon. As I looked more carefully I saw that this field was a monstrous checkerboard where men, whole races, were annihilated at the War God's desire. I turned my face away, for I could not bear this gruesome scene. Slowly I turned back again, only to see the gaunt figure of Disease stalking through a city, marking the black doors with staring white crosses, and I saw a grin, a sort of sneer, pass over his face, and I heard him chuckle, an unearthly chuckle, as though he cared for nothing . . . and then the sleeping city disappeared and Pestilence stalked on. I saw a sea, a mad sea—storming, angry, merciless. I saw a ship, man's futile attempt at combating the elements. I heard a moan; I saw the black hull of the ship outlined against the white froth of the waves, and then I saw the ship slide down into the depths forever. The Sea had tried his hand. Suddenly a flare sprang up where once had been the lashing waves. It licked the surrounding towns and fields with a hungry tongue, and then, its hunger appeased, it went, and in its place, alone, ugly, charred, was left a black, barren waste. A mist came as if to soothe the burn and then out of the mist I saw the end—the last of all—The Rock of Eternity. As I gazed, paralyzed, with fixed stare, I saw the weary black bird come, sharpen his beak, and then fly off into the mist, and I was left alone . . .

—HENRIETTE PIRRUNG



# STUDENT ACTIVITIES

## Fag Week

One morning, way back in October, we were awakened by masked tyrants and told to report to the Gym, much overclothed. We soon discovered it was Alpine Day, and we needed even more clothes. Moreover, in the Alps one yodels. So we yodeled violently, and so great was our fear and awkwardness that we fell ceaselessly down crevices. We tried to entertain the Seniors, only to find that they lacked entirely a sense of humor or perhaps we were not at all funny. The next day we were asked strange questions, such as "Why is a horse?" and were as stupid as ever. It was Labor Day and we labored at menial tasks till long after sunset, for alas; we belonged to no unions!

Another day—Circus Day with tightropes and clowns—and we were ready for murder in the first degree. We woke the next morning and were greeted with rubber coats, caps, and goggles, told to grease our faces, as all good Channel swimmers do, and to forge ahead. We swam to our plates at breakfast, and there found cards congratulating us as acceptable members of the Junior Class. "There is one God, Mercy, and the Seniors are His Prophets."

## Senior Housewarming

### IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT

The Senior Class of 1928 entertained at a housewarming the first week of the year in honor of the newly-elected Junior Class. The Juniors seemed to recover rapidly under the kindness bestowed on them by the Seniors, and amends were made to them for last week's conduct. Miss Cole and Miss Lux received with other members of the Senior Class in Senior Room. The guests, including students and Faculty, were introduced to the receiving line by Edward. The rooms were most skilfully decorated, and carried out in a charming color scheme. The new additions to the Presidential Suite made their first bow to M. V. S. Society from their aquarium. Refreshments of candy, nuts, and fruit were offered in every room, and sandwiches and punch were served at the end of Senior Corridor. The affair was one of the most brilliant of the season. Damages estimated by: Martin and Carol, Inc.

## Old Girl-New Girl Party

It seemed more this year as if the newcomers should give the Old Girls a party—what with eighty or so new aspirants to fame to our meager fifty or so staid members. However, we had our party bravely enough, each with our own small white tag on our front, bearing our name, age, birthday, and telephone number, whether or not we indorsed women suffrage, and what was our favorite color. When we had all become acquainted via dancing and punch-drinking, the evening grew more hilarious until finally we were reminded that we were not at home, and lights out was at eleven-thirty. I hope and believe that this get-together dance did a lot toward becoming acquainted and getting names straight, and I can vouch for the fact that everyone had a good time.

## Junior Vaudeville

For no reason at all, and just to be very different, this year we decided that we would combine the Junior Vaudeville and Hallowe'en Party, thereby making one grand and glorious party—dancing, eating and being entertained all at the same time, which is very nice if you come to think of it. First came the eating. This was in the form of cider and hot dogs, potato salad and baked beans, which appeared on paper plates at the Shelter, and disappeared as cider, hot dogs and baked beans will disappear. Then up through the shadowy trees, and ghosts who were trying awfully hard to be ghostly, to the Gym, and there much cornstalks and much yellow moon, and two black cats sitting on top a fence. And now for the second part, the entertaining. And we *were* entertained; entertained by small children in rompers—being very cunning—and Berrilla Kerr having an argument with the telephone—"I want North River 7777. No, not South River." Entertained by Virginia Rose singing a lovely Italian folksong. And entertained by Mary Elizabeth Haradon banging vigorously out "The Rhapsody in Blue"—at the same time entertained by Berrilla again and Barbara Haskins as two somewhat defunct burglars picking the lock of Heaven in Dunsany's "Glittering Gate," and the stage being all dark and mysterious; entertained by the latest styles from Paris in a fashion show in which everything from soup to nuts was shown, including Jane Cochran as the June bride; entertained by a Black and White Varsity drag like a checkerboard, only twice as interesting; entertained by a tete-a-tete between Mary Vereen and Margery Riach in which the pasts of certain charming people were brought to light; entertained by Beatrice Lillie, gargling water and being funny; in other words, Berrilla Kerr again starring, and last but not least nice songs that inspire homesickness and long sighs sung by Barbara Haskins and Peggy Johnson to a golden moon and to us—and it was over.

The Seniors then hopped up and sang a lusty song of appreciation; and the third part, dancing, began. Dancing and bobbing for apples and doing those foolish lovely things one does on Hallowe'en. And so on, far into the night, and so to bed—to dream of glittering gates and baked beans.

## Thanksgiving Day

And then it came! We had looked forward so long that we hardly recognized it when it was really here. Mellow air and pumpkin smells floated here and there. Every one walked around with jumpy steps, grinning broadly, for were we not going out? Rushing from an exuberant and frustrating basketball game we hurriedly donned our most festive clothes. I looked out of my window. What was happening? Cars, cars—stunning and resplendent—splotches of taxis were everywhere. It looked like a record day for the Redtop Cab Company!

We all came back in the dusky hours, full of this and that and a great deal of something else, but we had no time to sit down and think it over. No, we must hurry into *the* dresses!

We walked slowly down into Great Hall where we were gathering before assaulting the grand dinner. I gasped. Pale-tinted butterflies, groups of them. Some one must have spilled pastels, I thought. I looked closer—it was the Special Occasion dresses filled with my comrades. Certain of them somewhat snugly filled, it seemed, but perhaps they ate a large lunch. Mine felt rather that way.

Solemnly we marched into the dining room. A forest of fireflies met our gaze—candles, long rows of them. We sat down. I had thought after lunch I'd never be able to eat again, but nectar and ambrosia slip down so unostentatiously.

Then the dance! To my ears came the strains of an orchestra. My toes wiggled ecstatically. You could not help but want to dance—dance forever. I wondered what the masculine friend of someone thought when he was surrounded on all sides by so many girls—I did not ask. All evening we merrily whirled and cavorted to the plaintive tunes. Steadily, one by one, two by two, dropped out, overcome. So, as the hour grew later, only the passionate few remained, faithful to terpsichore. It had to end. I trundled off to bed with pleasant thoughts running around in my head. I wondered, for instance, why there weren't two Thanksgivings instead of just one, so that I would have another one to look forward to. I had to sleep on my back, I was so full—of joy!

## The Christmas Party

The Christmas Party given by the school for the employees and their friends and families is about the most beautiful party of the year. There is that air of good feeling and happiness that goes to make a party a success. It is their party; we are the hostesses. This year we had more guests than ever before, and the children, ranging from one year to twelve, occupied the front rows. They had a hard time waiting until Santa Claus came, but when at last he did come, what a time they had! First there was a Christmas Play, "Eagerheart," an old mystery play, which was very well acted with Jean Redick as Eagerheart. Then came Santa Claus. His reindeer deposited him at the Gym door, and in he came, shaking off snow and wishing everyone the merriest of Christmases. Imagine the excitement of the children when he called every last one of them up on the stage, and set them along in a row, and blew snow all over them. One by one they recited or sang the things that they had learned to show Santa Claus that they were good little boys and girls. Some were bashful, while others all but fell over the footlights in their desire to show off. Then they were all given apples, oranges, candy, and a lovely present that Santa had brought in his bag. Finally, the employees were given their Christmas presents, and as each one came forward to receive his or her present, there was much applause for the long years of trusted service he or she had given. It was a wonderful party, enjoyed by everyone, and is one of the high spots of the whole year.

## Optima Party

"My dear! My dear!" Such chit-chat as flew from table to table as we bridged the gap between school and home with several hilarious rubbers—a fling at rummy and even a few reckless checker games. As the society columnist would have it: "The guests arrived at eight o'clock sharp and were ushered into the spacious room called Great Hall, fragrant with the scent of many roses, colorful with the bright frocks of the young girls, whose only rivals were their hostesses in snowy white—the Optima members and officers. After greeting Miss Cole, Miss Hill, and the receiving line, the guests were seated at twenty-five or more card tables where they spent a most enjoyable evening. Refreshments were served at about ten-thirty, and the climax was reached when a beautiful silver picture frame which had been raffled off was awarded to Elizabeth Bevan, the holder of the lucky number. The evening closed on a note of gay festivity, and the high, girlish voices were raised in praise and appreciation as they regretfully departed.

Snatches of the conversation drift back to our reminiscing ears—

"She *trumped* my ace. I mean she *ACTually* DID!"

"—and I'm simply all of a Doo-Da to know what the *surprise* is going to be!"

"—yeah, probably a red, red rose!"

"—with which our hopes rose—"

"—Oh, kill her!"

The "surprise" was a particularly gooey and luscious cake sent by Mrs. Roberts of Omaha who has the honor of being the mother of our illustrious "Libby." This confection was auctioned off by the inimitable Thom with stentorian tones and gustatory pantomime. And the Seniors took the cake in spite of the fighting spirit shown by their friendly enemies, the Juniors!

However, you cannot eat your cake and have it, too. We ate ours with the Juniors as guests to help us.

The party was voted a huge success and broke up, as bridge parties do, with hearts high—and a grand slam!

## The Valentine Party as Seen by the Orchestra

"My, this gymnasium is decorated nicely; a pirates' cave—is that the idea? All those hanging gray things like stalactites—is that what you call them? And don't the girls look nice in their pirate costumes? Say, this is what I call a good party even if there are no men. Come on, boys, let's go. They want a dance.

"Those girls can dance, let me tell you, and what's more they all look as if they were having a great time. Look at that cute little girl in all the pink ruffles, and they just announced that she made it all by herself, now I ask you? Yes, she deserves the prize. I'm glad she got it, and so does that one all in black and white. Try and catch the name . . . there it is, Carol Bagby, and the other one is Sarah Morris. You know, these girls are clever. What's that you say? 'Oh gee! oh joy!' Just a minute; we'll play it after the next dance. Look at those girls dance. I'd like to be out there myself dancing with one of them. The judges know what they are doing—those two won the contest: Edna Sherman and Eleanor Duval. I'll remember those names. What's this? Ah, punch! Just what I need! and a rest, boys, a rest."

"You know, those choruses are clever. I don't see how they do it. And that singing, well I guess we'd better not sing any more and run competition. Come on, now they're ready to dance again. Give them those Blues . . . those Middle Western Blues, you know the ones."

"What, not leaving already? Oh yes, I forgot I was in a school; this somehow doesn't feel or look like a boarding-school dance. This has been a great party. Who gave it? Yellows and Whites? What's that? I didn't see any Yellows or Whites. Oh, all right, I'm coming, but I still don't know what Yellows and Whites are. Anyway, yellow or white or washed-out green, it was a good party."

## Ingenuity Contests

One of the most anticipated events of the year is the Three-Fold Ingenuity Contest. The gauntlet is thrown down before we leave for Christmas Vacation, and the brains, originality, and ability of the Junior Class are challenged by the Seniors who have the right to select the titles for the last two.

The first contest took place the second Saturday night after we had returned; the title given by the Faculty Committee was, "Reflections From a Railway Station Bench," and great excitement was felt throughout the entire school. The Seniors were first and presented an amusing farce taking place in a smalltown station and dealing with Matrimonial Bureaus and divorce re-unions. It was all very funny, but the Juniors gave a cross-section of life as seen by a railway station bench in Brattleboro, Vermont—the home of our untiring Travel-Mistress, Miss Barber, and won the contest.

The second was held a week later; a one-act play built around the title, "Blocks." The Juniors presented a bit of powerful acting—the last moments of a condemned man. The Seniors swung to the other extreme and put on a fantasy in which Pierrot builds his ever-crumbling life of blocks. The Seniors won this contest, though it must have been hard to judge the two performances, so different and yet both so clever.

The third and last momentous contest was held on February 4th; the subject was "A Day at M. V. S.," and it was to be a pantomime. The Juniors gave a burlesque on school life, with every thing from green buses to the Chapel cushions. It was amazingly clever and very daring. The Seniors went back to 1900 and showed us a day at M. V. S., with swishing skirts, pompadours and the womanly graces. The Juniors were, however, proclaimed the winners, and the Seniors hastened to congratulate them in a rousing song.

## The Junior-Senior Banquet

On May 12, 1927, the Junior Class invited the Senior Class to meet on common ground at a banquet given in a garden. Assistant Head Gardener Roberts welcomed the guests in a few flowery words; they were provided with a spade, rake and hoe, and told to make themselves at home. Head Gardener Ferguson looked up from her watering and shoveling, and made a short response to the welcome, and the garden party was on. Rowena Thom, being a great admirer of blossoms, particularly of the Southern variety, gave a talk on the Perennial Border which brought her many laurels. Janet Gardener then reciprocated by leading us down Garden Paths and showing us how not to step on the lawn. Kathleen Sheldon, that great student of Botany, especially in the field of lilies, gave us a dissertation on Wildflowers Naturalized, which proved very interesting to our fertile minds. Catherine Evatt then discoursed on Hardy Annuals in a most cultivated way. The Juniors sang Topical Songs deep rooted in their clever appeal. Miss Cole finally addressed "The Gardeners" and her interesting and inspiring talk will ever be implanted in our minds. We passed the loving cup, and everyone looked rather seedy as we drowned our sorrows in white grape juice to the tune of "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgotten." The farewells were sung; the garden gates closed on green and gold; the long shadows fell on the graveled paths; amethyst and gold were left to take their shears and clip for one more year the never-ending hedge of knowledge.

*The following was read by Kathleen Sheldon of the Class of '27 at the Junior-Senior Banquet, May 12, 1927*

### "Wildflowers Naturalized"

(with the kind permission of Beatrice Potter and Thornton W. Burgess)

Peter Rabbit was snooping around his favorite haunts in hopes of finding a big, juicy carrot. Why couldn't he find one of those luscious ones with crinkly green leaves? Peter Rabbit was really quite bored because he was used to excitement. No—Willie Rabbit must have gotten the last good carrot, and so he went to find ol' Mistah Buzzard who always had a good joke under his wing. On his way who did he run into but . . . my dear children, you will never guess . . . yes, it was jolly little Mr. Gassenheimer and his big green wheelbarrow. Peter sat up on his haunches and tried his very best to see into that great big wheelbarrow. But no, only Billy Belgian Hare was large enough for that. He peeped eagerly from behind a tall radish stalk waiting to see what on earth Mr. Gassenheimer would do with his load. Pretty soon, Aunt Cole came lipperty-lap down the path and said, "Well, what do you know, here are those new wildflowers! We must waste no time in putting them in their proper beds. They look just a little wilted to me. Yes, indeed they do." Peter Rabbit laughed up his sleeve and said, "Ho, Ho! some excitement at last!"

A few days later, when jolly round bright Mr. Sun started to climb up in the blue, blue sky, he smiled more broadly than ever. As he looked down on a busy scene, looking down from the blue, blue sky, he chuckled to himself. "Why those poor dear little wildflowers are going to be naturalized."

Peter Rabbit had long since scampered over to the dear old briarpatch to tell little Mrs. Peter what was going on. For from his post behind a can of angleworms he had seen those tall, proud, tame flowers nodding their heads and whispering busily about what was going to happen. They had been murmuring and chuckling

about those strange newcomers into the garden. The Thom-Thom, that robust dusky bloom; the Sherman-Belle, which was tall and willowy, the Sherwood and the Aster, the Fitton-fingers, and the dainty little Ann-Ellaslips. Peter Rabbit, heard something said, too, about certain ones he had seen before—the Horst Chestnut, the hopping Hobbins, and the leaping Libbies, Merry Christmans, and the Virginia Creepers.

To be sure enough the old sun was right. The little wildflowers were being tamed at a great speed. Peter kept his eyes glued on the scene of action and didn't miss a trick. How those tame flowers did keep the others hopping! And Peter and ol' Mistah Buzzard laughed over the fun together. They noticed that some were a great deal easier to tame than others. The Elliander, the Archibald, and the leaping Libbies grew quickly and were the pride of their sisters. The Sherwood Berry, the Marguerites, and the Thom-Thom seemed rather uncomfortable in their new surroundings, especially the Thom-Thom, who seemed rather weak and wobbly on her stem, and caused the tame flowers quite a little worry.

At last it was all over and the tame flowers considered the wild ones naturalized, so you just should have been there to see the way the newly-tamed flowers showed themselves off; it was a veritable vaudeville. They dipped and swayed and you could have almost heard them singing "in a garden." Yes sir, the Aster sounded so sweet that night that Chippy, the chipping sparrow, Cock-Robin, and Dicky, the canary, were jealous of her notes.

Have you guessed what it meant? It meant simply that all the flowers were to live happily ever after.

Now children, tomorrow we will tell you how the Circus came to spread its great tent on the Green Meadow.

## Seminar

If there is one place where life is divested of its mystery more than another, it is in the Seminar Class of Ethics and Government, where eight school officers learn about group leadership and morality. The elect meet weekly in Workshop, with Miss Burgess, Miss Blakeslee, and Miss Lux. Seminar Class is just one problem after another; applied psychology in relation to community life at M. V. S.; its rituals, taboos, real and ideal state, its traditional morality and its reflective, if any. All of this diagnosis of the M. V. S. attitude is strangely revealing; and accounting for much, as it does, it is a means of indicating possible desirable changes in the future, and ways for those leading groups to think through their problems to such solutions as shall work for the greatest good of the greatest number. By means of this class, and the instruction it gives, leadership at M. V. S. will be a constructive activity with a sound basis of understanding of requirements and goals. Hereafter, for leaders, their position will be the basis of a year-long project—with justice and satisfaction as the outcome, with more responsibility for everyone, and with people taking pleasure and growing by working together.

## Workshop

Run your finger along the list of winter-playgrounds, and right after Waikiki you will find Workshop, which is the happy hunting-ground of those privileged to take what is formally known as a Seminar Class in Creative Writing. There, amid tropical colorings, you may bask in the soft Southern sunlight, when, after reading poetry or something, you have brought your book and your eyes to a close. No sound intrudes, save the songs of the Sirens in Optima Room, far, far below. Of course, though no sound may intrude, that does not preclude the possibility of sound's going forth, for what the frog is to the summer pond, the typewriter is to Workshop. Nor is the literary element lacking; far too suggestive for that are the rhyme sheets about the walls and the collections of books on the tables and shelves. Yet this is merely the external element of what really constitutes Workshop. For one thing, here is the very cradle of the *Broadside*, assembled with mixed difficulty and delight by the limited board of six. But above all, Workshop is but the symbol of that rich course of which one makes what one will. Opportunity to hear poetry read as it was written to be read; discussion of new books and their significance; carefully-prepared courses in classical reading which becomes surprisingly interesting, for this Workshop has its meetings. And for the rest, those hours of daily writing which are made more and more worth while by the constructive and inspiring quality of the criticism given the products; this is the soul of Workshop—the academic Utopia.

## Project Days

Projects . . . something new and different introduced into our monotonous lives. For three days we went places, saw things, wrote in small blue books, and quaked internally. And when at last it was all over, it had been rather nice. There were projects in the form of trips to market, trips to galleries, trips to libraries. There were projects in the form of long hours of writing and drawing, quaint things for survey. Really, it was interesting, and some of the results show great originality and clever thinking. That which was approached with fear and trembling, we now look back upon or ahead to, as the case may be, with interest and a half joy in the anticipation of being able to accomplish something entirely new and untried.

## School Calendar, 1927-1928

- Oct.    4th. Arrival of school's twenty-two dignitaries  
        5th. The Great Family Reunion  
        6th. First pancakes  
        8th. New Girl-Old Girl Party  
        9th. Chapel Service  
       12th. Alpine Day at 4 A. M.; mountain climbing next sixteen hours  
       13th. Labor union strikes on account of long hours  
       14th. Circus Day with solos at dinner  
       15th. The Juniors swam to their release; Senior Housewarming  
       21st. Beggar's Opera; New Girls introduced to Poli's  
       23d. Harp recital—"please carry your chairs to Great Hall without revealing your ancestry"  
       24th. "Return of the natives"  
       29th. Junior Vaudeville; Hallowe'en Party
- Nov.    4th. "King's Henchman"  
        5th. Founder's Day; candles, cake, *old* Girls  
        6th. Mrs. Larkin's and Miss Winston's Recital; those chairs squeak!  
        9th. Prunes for breakfast—winter is nigh  
       10th. First *Broadside* freely given; Juniors go to "Othello"  
       11th. Edward Johnson; Reports, followed by the usual suicides  
       13th. Lecture on Robert College; Chapel Cushion Fund augmented; hurrah for the Juniors  
       19th. "Your Land and My Land"  
       20th. Mrs. Rickett's and Miss Edwards' Recital  
       24th. After an extra long Chapel, the Yellows completely overwhelmed the Seniors on the basketball court  
            "The Stag at eve . . . ." in Great Hall
- Dec.    3d. Senior Play—"The Cradle Song"—divine!  
        4th. We sat on the floor and listened to Miss Coats; "Chocolate Pigs" for dinner  
        7th. Super-cold drill, Horn Pipe and "Polly Put the Kettle On"  
        9th. California, here we come!

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- DEC. 11th. Carol service  
13th. Christmas Play  
14th. Christmas Dinner—candles, wreaths, Santa Claus, ice cream. Balm of Gilead  
15th. School deserted
- JAN. 5th. The Chicago Special, contrary to all precedent, arrived on time; another Family Reunion  
8th. Usual stiff legs after informal Chapel  
11th. Farrar again at Poli's  
12th. Rona advertises the CUPOLA at evening Chapel  
14th. Reflections from a railroad bench—Juniors won contest  
20th. Tea at Gatesley  
21st. The Seniors "BLOCK" the Juniors  
28th. We were snowed under by antarctic drifts; Optima Benefit at night \$280.00 nearer Chapel comfort  
29th. We go sleighriding; remember the Californians?  
30th. Ex-pardon, PROjects  
31st. More proJECTS
- FEB. 1st. STILL projects  
4th. "A DAY AT M.V.S": THEN AND NOW—THE NOWS got it  
5th. Sleepover 7:30; ask Mrs. Bayliss  
7th. Heifetz  
10th. The Chastening (those pews!); Reception in Great Hall  
14th. The Valentine Party  
21st. Kreisler; Seniors went to another lecture; their essays should rival the Britannica  
22d. The Workshop enjoys waffles at Gatesley with Miss Cole and Miss Guard; "The Three Musketeers" in afternoon; Dinner with candles; Whites and Yellows present "Little Old New York," the success of the season
- MARCH 1st. Lecture on Gilbert and Sullivan operas  
2d. Rachmaninoff  
3d. "Iolanthe," and the "Pirates of Penzance"  
5th. Boston Symphony

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- MARCH 7th. Jeritza  
9th. White Class adds \$100.00 to Cushion Fund  
10th. Senior-Junior Party for Whites and Yellows  
11th. Athletic Banquet; Madeira's measles mean no game  
15th. Informal recital; severe cases of trembling  
16th. Martinelli  
17th. Juniors present "The Merchant of Venice"  
18th. Musicale  
21st. Vacation starts  
31st. But is soon over
- APRIL 7th. Baltimore sightseeing  
8th. Easter Sunday  
13th. Lecture—Count Herman Keiserling at the Mayflower  
14th. Senior's Benefit (?)  
Columbia University Glee Club Concert at school  
18th. "Norma," Metropolitan Opera Company  
19th. "Romeo and Juliet" "Tannhauser"  
20th. Athletic Association Party  
27th. Senior Essay Day—the Peace Problem Is Solved  
CUPOLA Party, Pop-Ad movie  
28th. Annapolis sightseeing trip
- MAY 3d. Junior-Senior Banquet  
4th. Great Falls picnic—approximately 300 hot dogs consumed  
25th. Schoolday exercises in morning—studio exhibits in the afternoon,  
recital at night  
26th. Alumnae Reunion in the morning and banquet  
27th. Baccalaureate service in the Chapel at five; cloisters supper and class  
songs in Great Hall at night (much weeping)  
28th. Commencement Play at night; trunks checked in the afternoon  
29th. Class Day exercises followed by Senior Bonfire and planting of Class  
Tree; Choral Club Recital at night; get your tickets  
30th. Graduating Exercises in the Chapel at 10:30; *finis coronat opus*
- JUNE 1st-12th. C. P. House Party  
13th. C. P. girls leave city after taking college boards



## The Cradle Song

G. Martinez Sierra

### CAST

<i>Sister Sagrario</i>	JESSIE CLARK
<i>Sister Marcella</i>	ELEANOR MILLER
<i>The Prioress</i>	CATHERINE EVATT
<i>Sister Joanna of The Cross</i>	ESTHER GOETZ
<i>The Mistress of The Novices</i>	MARTHA FITTON
<i>The Vicarress</i>	ELIZABETH ROBERTS
<i>Sister Tornera</i>	EDNA SHERMAN
<i>Sister Inez</i>	KATHERINE ARCHIBALD
<i>A Countryman</i>	ROWENA THOM
<i>Sister Maria Jesu</i>	FAITH DECKER
<i>The Doctor</i>	DOROTHEA SIGEL
<i>Teresa</i>	SHIRLEY HOBBS
<i>Antonio</i>	ELIZABETH SHERWOOD
<i>Monitors</i>	{ MARGUERITE HERRICK ANNE HEARNE

## The Senior Play

Somehow, writing of a play as it is seen from the press-box or the dress-circle is becoming rather hackneyed. Maybe there is something fresh in treating it from the viewpoint of the combined prompter and voice-off-stage . . .

"Well, how can you expect me to sit still in this corner and read in the dark? What, not talk! I can't help it; I'm a voice-off-stage. Besides, how can I tell when to come in and prompt if I can't see whether the cast is pausing for emphasis or information? No, of course I can't see anything; the door is shut. Yes, there isn't room for three more people in here. No, I'm not going to forget to ring the bell. Certainly I won't go to sleep; at least, not right away. No, it is very hot. Yes, I'll remember to shout. Sshhh!"

Some people's adaptability to change from one cloister to another is remarkable. The first act of the Senior Play, "The Cradle Song," was played to a melodious finish. The prompter, now no longer needed as a voice, came up for air. She saw Miss Carroll rushing to fetch Miss Martin to come down for the second act; between them they saw the whole play. She also observed that there are none so fair as the Class of '28 as Dominican Sisters. And she saw somebody called Sigel who looked exactly like Disraeli. Being behind scenes is very edifying, particularly when one has about as many lines to worry over as Johnny Domestic-Science when he was being so tenderly fondled by Esther le Gallienne.

Whether it was a greater deprivation to miss seeing the second act on the stage or to see its effect on the audience I know not; I only know the prompter felt very unnecessary because she didn't seem to be needed. But eventually she realized that Antonio Sherwood had created considerable stir among model-prioress Evatt's chaste community by winning their singing Shirley, and that Esther had actually instigated a deluge when she showed the true emotional power of her acting. If tears are any criterion, December 3d was a successful night for the Seniors. And did I mention the tears of joy almost shed by the prompter when she was at last able to go upstairs and help sing songs in Great Hall?

## The Junior Play

A very ambitious undertaking was successfully produced and acted by the Junior Class under Mrs. Larkin's able direction, on March 17th, in the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice."

Berilla Kerr did herself and her class proud. As Shylock, she not only had but took every opportunity for her very real dramatic ability. Marjorie Riach is an outstanding memory, as her voice was excellent and her acting more than adequate. The heroine, Portia, was beautifully characterized by Jane Cochran. Mary Elizabeth Haradon as the comic relief, Sir Launcelot Gobbo, convulsed her audience with her tripping, twittering tongue and her ridiculously droll gestures. Katharine Howell made a lovely Jessica, and Barbara Haskins as Lorenzo, her handsome lover, was most romantic. Antonio's part, played by Mary Reed Simpson, was extremely difficult and equally well done. She and Mollie Bennett made a very convincing pair of gallants. And last, Nancy Dougherty deserves especial mention as the Prince of Morocco; large in gesticulation as well as in stature. She threw herself with all possible spontaneity into the delightful absurdities of this mannered gentleman from the Orient, and won herself a merited outburst of applause.

The scenery and costumes were a joy to behold, and Miss Edwards and those of us who watched know that it was no mean task to assemble and manufacture odd caskets, forests, shrubbery, and stray thrones! By an odd chance, George Arliss's production of "The Merchant of Venice" was playing in Washington that same week, and so the class had the fortune to see and meet behind the scenes a distinguished cast. We may truthfully add that there was every evidence of skilful observation, for the acting was at times distinctly professional. At all times, however, it was obvious that the great success of the Junior Play was due in large measure to the untiring efforts and the unceasing care, not of individuals but of the entire class as a body.

❧ *The CUPOLA* ❧



"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

## Little Old New York

Sure, an' it was a foine show—an' the back o' me hand to them that doesn't agree with me. New York of 1800 came to M. V. S. Wednesday evening, February 22d, and with it Mr. Astor, Mr. Vanderbilt, and a few other ritzy souls.

The dilemma of the lovable Pat O'Day, who for three acts plays a young lad, and emerges chrysalislike in the fourth, as the lovely "Patricia," acted with perfect ease and great charm by the diminutive but dynamic Henriette Pirrung, was told in fine fashion by the Yellow and White Classes. It went smoothly, held the interest, and showed small hint of the amateur performance. Martha Seabury as the fast young blood of a bygone day was incredibly boyish and loverlike, and the rest of the masculine contingent submerged their femininity in husky tenors and trousers. Mary Louise Ackley deserves special note, for she did a wonderful bit of acting and dialect as the old Irish servant who befriends and berates Pat throughout the play.

Mr. Astor, blond and German, was done by Ruth Fehr who was absolutely unrecognizable, and Evelyn Comstock was most dignified in the difficult role of Cornelius Vanderbilt—friend to the hero. Midge Boericke was on the stage all too short a time. She was Pat's grandfather, shiveringly realistic in shawl and bed slippers—beautifully made up. Grace Smith and Eleanor Duval, two convivial playmates of Larry Delevan's, were prototypes of our modern flask-toting lounge lizards, and uttered the most daring and original words. Yes, by ginger, they did!

But for comedy, it took Jeanne Street and Jane Rogers to convulse us with some real Bowery atmosphere.

As "Bully Boy Brewster" and his sister "Ray," self-appointed publicity agent, they did some acting (THAT'S WOT!). They had striped and checkered auras and an accent that you could not cut with a knife.

Betty Bevan, in a transformation, delighted with quaint sweet voice and manner. Emily Pope was a forbidding but sentimental policeman who existed on a sheerly *liquid* diet, and Mary Ann Cotton was a hard-boiled "booksie." As the "Terror," Mary Townes Gaines was all "tuffed up" and we wanted more than a glimpse of her.

And while the sweet songs that Pat sang to us still find echoes in our hearts, we think that we shall never forget the winsome Daisy Parson's incomparable, "Cultuah! Cultuah! I adoah Cultuah!"

# *The CUPOLA*

## Commencement Play—1927

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

CAST

*Mr. Hardcastle*  
*Mrs. Hardcastle*  
*Kate Hardcastle*  
*Tony Lumpkin*  
*Constance Neville*  
*Charles Marlow*  
*George Hastings*  
*Sir Charles Marlow*  
*Diggory*  
*Roger*  
*John*

CATHERINE EVATT  
 JANET GARDNER  
 LOUISE WENDE  
 BETH SHERWOOD  
 RUTH CRABBS  
 EDNA SHERMAN  
 MARTHA SEABURY  
 DOROTHEA SIGEL  
 JANE OLIVER  
 ELEANOR MILLER  
 NANCY DOUGHERTY

(Remarks on Program)

The entire action of the play takes place in the course of twenty-four hours at Mr. Hardcastle's house.

"An old-fashioned house resembling an inn" would be the comment of any traveler passing. The rooms of this house are quaint and old-fashioned, as you shall see.

\* \* \* \* \*

Given, as it was, upon nearly the last night of school, the Commencement Play stood a fair chance of receiving enthusiastic response whether good, bad or indifferent. But our vigorous applause was not only sincere but merited, for "She Stoops to Conquer" was excellently presented.

Catherine Evatt added another spray to her laurels by her efficient rendering of Mr. Hardcastle—a part she took with great "savoir faire" (if you see what we mean). Janet Gardner, Mrs. Hardcastle, was a perfect foil for her blustering husband, matching his grim prejudices with the coin of frivolous mannerisms. Louise Wendé, as their enchanting daughter Kate, was no less versatile than beautiful, changing in a wink from mistress to maid and entangling with ease the susceptible hero, Charles, in the person of Edna Sherman who played gracefully and heart-quickeningly with delightfully realistic lovemaking to stir the school-girl contingent.

Martha Seabury, who always does masculine roles appealingly, was Hastings Marlow's boon companion, who with him mistakes the Hardcastle hospitality for hostility. Together they spend four acts attempting to regain their dignity and soothe their hosts' ruffled vanity, while Charles woos Kate, hoodwinked into believing her a maid. Dorothea Sigel was remarkable and proved again that she does character roles superlatively well.

Ruth Crabbs made of Constance Neville an intriguing damsel and one for whom one could readily believe that a man would steal jewels. This unpleasant task fell to Tony Lumpkin. Beth Sherwood, capering, cavorting, boisterous, and mischievous, thoroughly befuddles her poor dear mamma. Incidentally, she romped through this as much to her own as to our huge enjoyment.

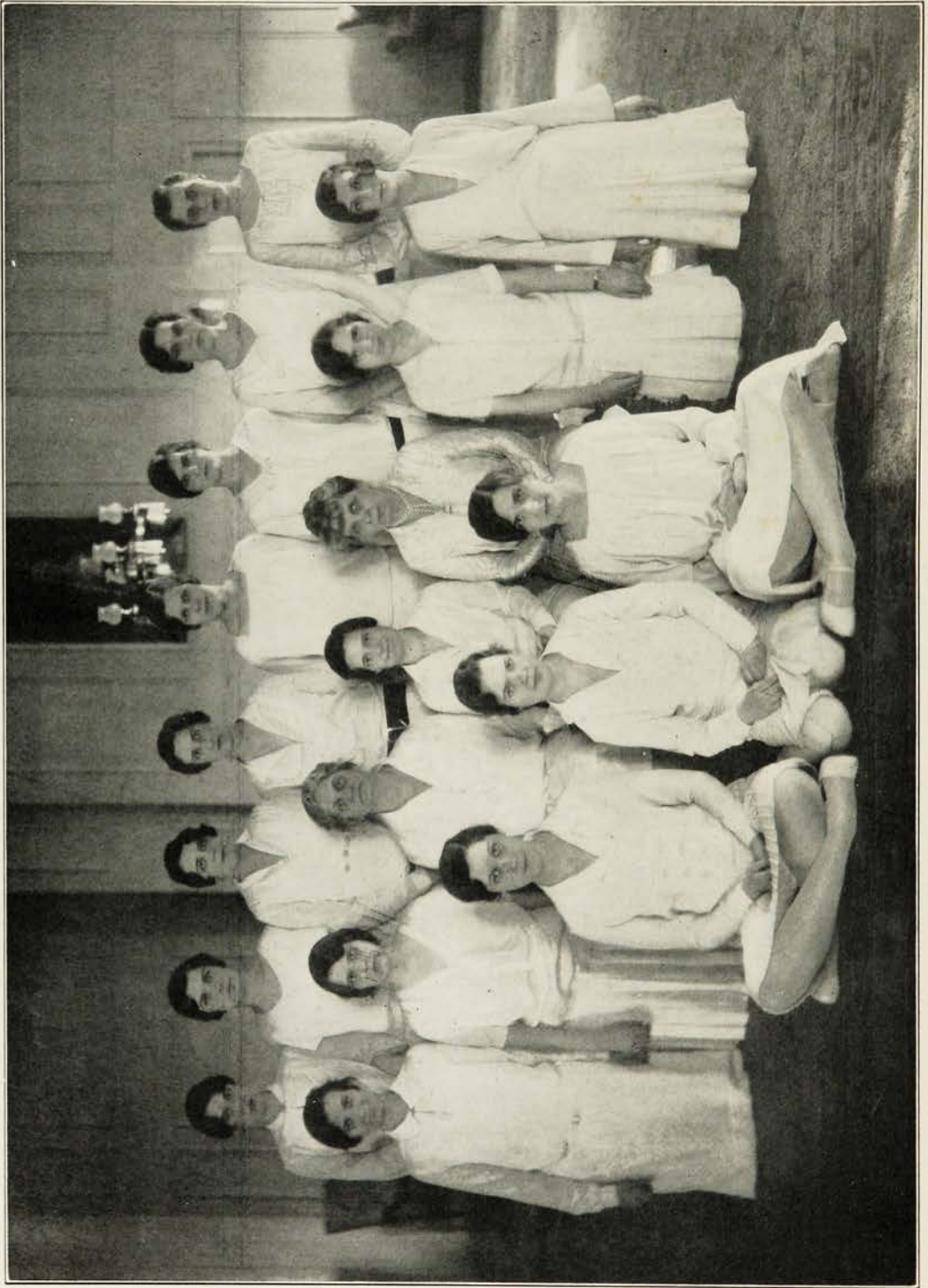
Eleanor Miller and Nancy Dougherty were so perfectly cast as servants supplying the hilarious comedy that the writer was almost forcibly removed for her audibly-obvious appreciation.

The imbecilic expression on Nancy's face and the almost totally numb one on Ellie's reduced us to burbling maudlinity.

Jane Oliver was Diggory and got more than one laugh; she was so very round and lovable.

Taken in every possible way, it was a play worthy of that most trying of all times—the end of the year—but the Beginning—Commencement!





## Optima

ELIZABETH ROBERTS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
ANNE HEARNE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
VIRGINIA HARRIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
JESSIE CLARK	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS COLE	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS HILL	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	

ELIZABETH BORN  
 JESSIE CLARK  
 JANE COCHRAN  
 EVELYN COMSTOCK  
 CATHERINE EVATT  
 ALICE HAND  
 VIRGINIA HARRIS  
 MARGARET JOHNSON  
 MARTHA SEABURY  
 SUSANNE BRADLEY

ELEANOR MILLER  
 JEAN MURPHY  
 MARGARET MURPHY  
 DAISY PARSONS  
 ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
 EDNA SHERMAN  
 ROWENA THOM  
 CAROL BAGBY  
 VIRGINIA WALSEN  
 JEAN SYMINTON



## French Club

ELEANOR MILLER	President
ELIZABETH BORN	Vice-President
CAROL BAGBY	Secretary
MARGUERITE HERRICK	Treasurer

MARTHA ALEXANDER  
CAROL BAGBY  
ELIZABETH BORN  
JESSIE CLARK  
FAITH DECKER  
ESTHER GOETZ  
VIRGINIA HARRIS

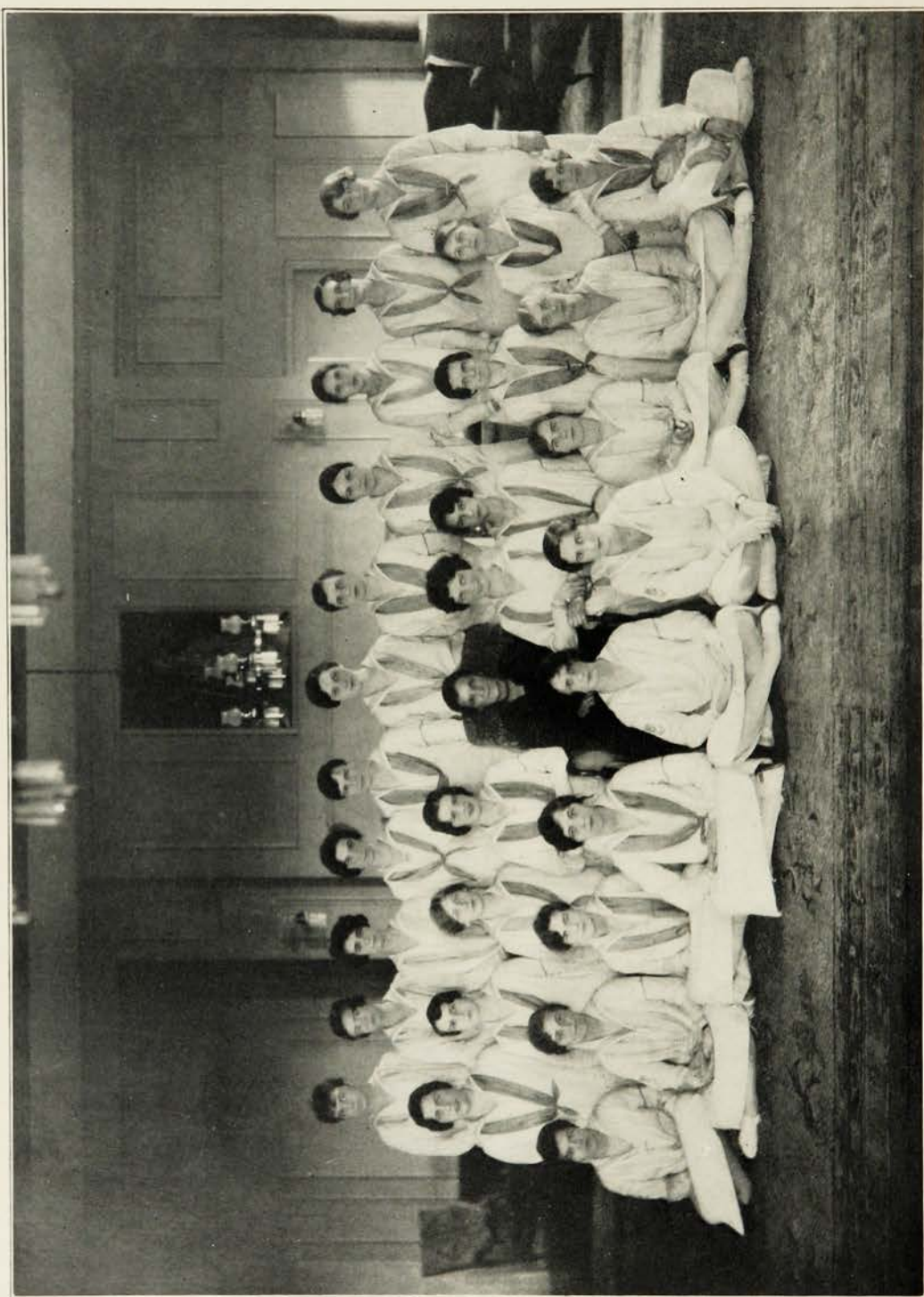
ANNE HEARNE  
MARGUERITE HERRICK  
ELEANOR MILLER  
REBECCA MORRIS  
JEAN MURPHY  
MARGARET MURPHY  
ELIZABETH ROBERTS

GRACE SMITH

## French Club

French Club meets every jeudi apres-midi, and tout le monde thinks that it is just une grande pretension to eat and have a merveilleux time (oui!). But, while we do not deny that we enjoy ourselves beaucoup beaucoup at the meetings—cependant—this is not the main purpose of French Club (mais non—et comment!). Premiere-ment we take ourselves very seriously (decidement), and, due to the fact that our beloved Madame Peltier is so spirituelle et sympathique, and that Madame la presidente is so douée et charmante, we soon find ourselves imbued with the spirit of La Belle France (vive la France!). We actually try to learn a few things and to converse en français with some degree of coherence (grace a Dieu!). Withal Le Cercle is a continual source of information, inspiration, and pleasure to each and every member (ainsi soit-il!).

—CAROL BAGBY,  
(Secretary)



# Treble Clef Club

ESTHER GOETZ	President
VIRGINIA ROSE	Vice-President
EDNA SHERMAN	Secretary

MARTHA ALEXANDER  
KATHERINE BAVINGER  
DOROTHY BOVENIZER  
HARRIET BOYCE  
ELEANOR DUVAL  
ELEANOR DWIGHT  
FLORENCE FARNSLEY  
RUTH FEHR  
ESTHER GOETZ  
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON  
VIRGINIA HARRIS  
BARBARA HASKINS  
LOUISE HEUER  
MARGARET JOHNSON  
ELIZABETH JOHNSTON  
ELEANOR MILLER

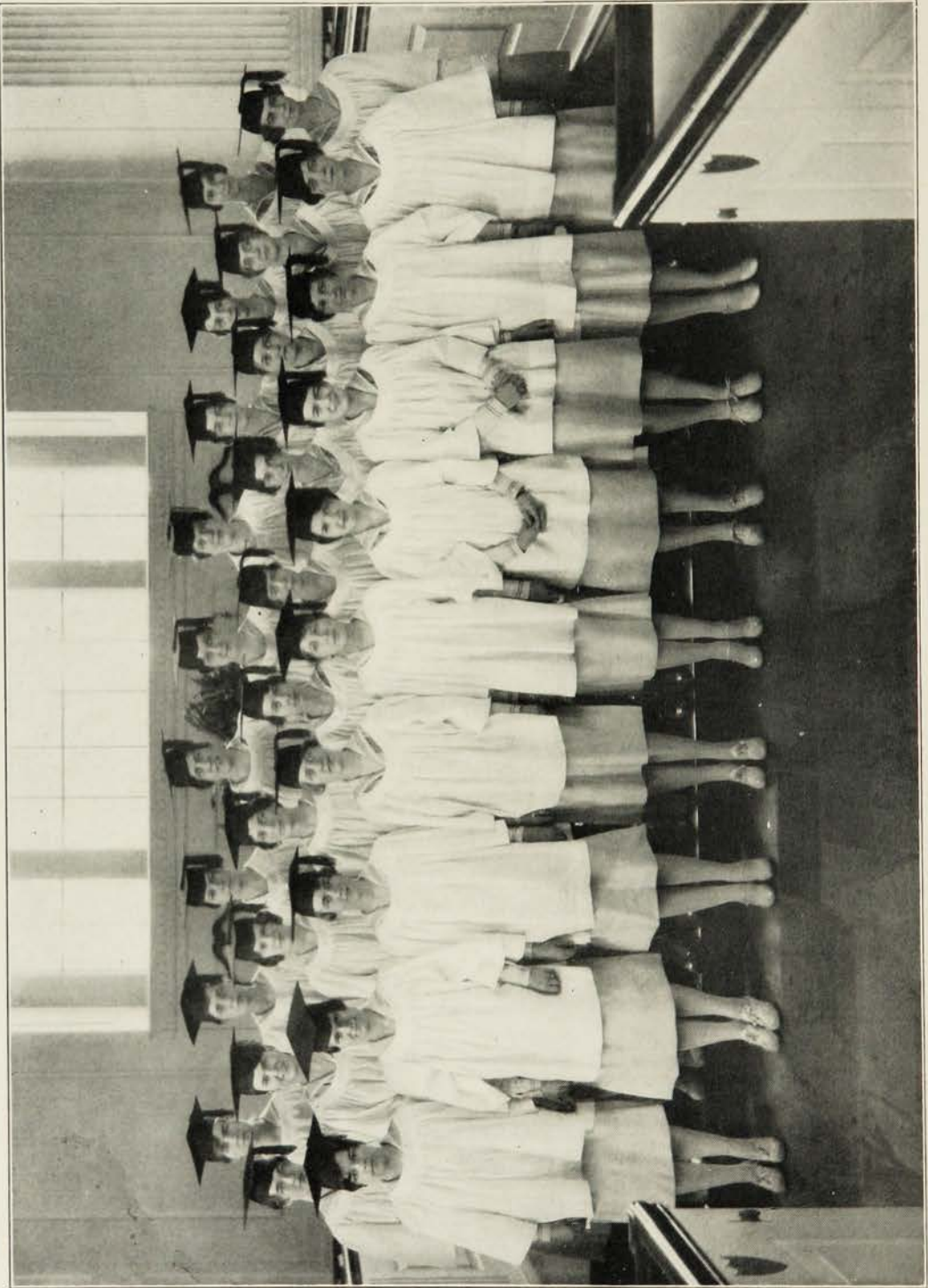
EMILY POPE  
KATHERINE POTTER  
ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
ANN ROBINSON  
JANE ROGERS  
VIRGINIA ROSE  
EDNA SHERMAN  
BETH SHERWOOD  
DOROTHEA SIGEL  
MARY REED SIMPSON  
GRACE SMITH  
ROSANNA SMITH  
JEANNE STREET  
KATHERINE STREET  
GLADYS VILSACK  
MIRIAM WIDENHAM

FRANCES WOOD

# Treble Clef Club

Twice a week for two terms, and three times a week the last term, the Voices gather to stir the still night air and shatter it into quivering atoms with strains of soothing song. This serves as a practice for the final concert given at the end of school. Meanwhile, we woo Calliope in her wooded glen, wherever that may be, and rouse the latent echoes, proving what really good group-singing can do in the way of mental and moral uplift of the spirits.

With the beloved Mrs. Payne leading us on into the fray, baton flourished sword-like, brow majestic, Miss Chickering doing a running accompaniment on the fife and drums, our sweet young voices furnish the thunder and the cannon's roar, so to speak. A pitched battle takes place, and woe to her who lets her mind wander. Our girlish trebles are in tune with the infinite; we are of one accord—sometimes—and rehearsals end each evening on a note of triumph for all, bar none. The whole effect is one of eagerness; the keynote is jollity, and at least one can never say that Glee Club is flat.



## Choir

MARTHA ALEXANDER  
KATHERINE BAVINGER  
DOROTHY BOVENIZER  
LAURA BROWN  
ELEANOR DWIGHT  
CATHERINE EVATT  
FLORENCE FARNSLEY  
RUTH FEHR  
MARTHA FITTON  
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON  
VIRGINIA HARRIS  
BARBARA HASKINS  
MARGARET JOHNSON  
ELIZABETH JOHNSTON  
ELEANOR MILLER

CAROLINE PARKER  
KATHERINE POTTER  
EMILY POPE  
JEAN REDICK  
ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
ANN ROBINSON  
JANE ROGERS  
FLORENCE VIRGINIA ROSE  
DOROTHEA SIGEL  
GRACE SMITH  
JEANNE STREET  
KATHERINE STREET  
GLADYS VILSACK  
MIRIAM WIDENHAM  
FRANCES WOOD

## Substitutes

HELEN COZAD  
JANE CULBERTSON  
ELEANOR DUVAL  
SUZANNE LeBOSQUET

SUSAN SCHRIBER  
MARY REED SIMPSON  
ROSANNA SMITH  
ROWENA THOM

MARY ELIZABETH VILSACK



## Walking Club

MISS COLE	
MISS ELTING	<i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS LUX	
JEAN REDICK	<i>President</i>
MARTHA SEABURY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

JESSIE CLARK  
 EVELYN COMSTOCK  
 MARY ANN COTTON  
 CATHERINE EVATT  
 MARTHA FITTON  
 RUTH FEHR  
 SUZANNE BRADLEY  
 MARIE HORST  
 MARGUERITE HERRICK  
 ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

BERRILLA KERR  
 ELIZABETH KENNEDY  
 MARGARET MURPHY  
 MARGARET JOHNSON  
 MARJORIE RIACH  
 ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
 MARY REED SIMPSON  
 ROWENA THOM  
 VIRGINIA WALSEN  
 JEAN REDICK

MARTHA SEABURY

## Walking Club

Three weeks of early morning walks, a night of sinister initiation into all its mysteries, and Walking Club's old and new members were ready to live up to their name. The Purple Iris Inn was selected as the goal, and in that direction some twenty girls jauntily trudged. It was before breakfast, you know, and that is a dangerous time to count on people's good humor. But five minutes' brisk walk in the fresh young morning air, and smiles and pep came into decided evidence.

Miss Elting, our Kindred Spirit of the Faculty, stepped merrily along at the front. Patiently she answered the oft-repeated question, "How much farther is it now, Miss Elting?" with "just on the other side of that hill!" Toward the last of the walk, small Joan Phillips hopped out of Miss Cole's car and set us an exhausting pace till we reached our desired haven.

Like a delightful hunting lodge, with its wide porches and roaring fire in the long living room, was the Purple Iris. And there was an attractively purple-decorated table absolutely staggering under the weight of a delicious breakfast—no, let me say feast. Miss Cole sat at one end of the table and Miss Elting at the other and, in between, two rows of beaming faces. Everyone was happy, especially Joan, gleefully consuming towering stacks of hot cakes at the side of her beloved Rowena.

After breakfast, some of us took the opportunity to explore the inn, while others danced to the strains of decade-old records or just lounged in front of the fire. Finally we started reluctantly homeward. The Walking Club's first hike was over, but "memories linger on . . ."

—MARJORIE RIACH



## Student Co-operative Government Council

### ADVISERS

MISS COLE

MISS BLAKESLEE

MISS BURGESS

JANE QUILHOT

TO BE ELECTED

MARY VEREEN

*President*

*Vice-President*

*Secretary*

### SENIOR REPRESENTATIVES

CATHERINE EVATT

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

VIRGINIA HARRIS

### JUNIOR REPRESENTATIVES

JANE COCHRAN

MARY VEREEN

LOUISE DICKSON

### YELLOW CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

ELEANOR DUVAL

MARTHA SEABURY

JANE ROGERS

### WHITE CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

ELIZABETH BORN

GRACE SMITH

ANN ROBINSON

## The Co-operative Council

Co-operative Government is a new system of government that has been created and put into effect this year. Its aim is to create among the girls and Faculty a feeling of co-operation and that other most important feeling for any kind of success in school government, that of having a conscious place in the whole. Each class has its president and two elected members on the council. The chairman was elected by school vote from the Senior Class. There are also two Faculty advisers who help to further our fulfillment of the title by giving us adequate means for co-operation with the Faculty. Everyone is favoring this progressive step in line of freer representation and student opinion which will help us to overcome our troubles and lead to a finer school. May our hopes for the future be realized.

—C. E.

## Student Council

ELIZABETH ROBERTS  
CATHERINE EVATT

GRACE SMITH

JANE COCHRAN  
JANE ROGERS

The Student Council is composed of the presidents of the four classes and of Optima. This group meets with Miss Cole to discuss and solve problems touching on the welfare of the whole school, and the opportunity for service is no less great than the development of strength in leadership.

# ❧ | *The* | CUPOLA | ❧



## Cupola Board

MISS BURGESS	Faculty Adviser
MARIE HORST	Editor-in-Chief
JEAN SYMINTON	Assistant Editor
ROWENA THOM	Business Manager
EDNA SHERMAN	Advertising Manager
MARY VEREEN	Assistant Advertising Manager
ELIZABETH SHERWOOD	Literary Editor
LAURA BROWN	Assistant Literary Editor
ESTHER GOETZ	Dramatic Editor
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON	Athletic Editor
BARBARA HASKINS	Art Editor
MARTHA ALEXANDER	Humor Editor
JESSIE CLARK	Photograph Editor
MARGARET MURPHY	Secretary

## A Trip to a Printing House

To-day I went through a printing establishment with the CUPOLA Board. It was most efficient and mechanical and automatic, but somehow frightfully depressing.

There was a man who inked a red disk and slid small slips of paper onto a slab of steel that was raised and lowered every ten seconds, clapped against the inked red disk and then slammed onto the small slips of paper; and in those ten seconds the man had to re-ink the disk and slide the paper between the great steel jaws that caught it in its shining steel teeth and left bloody marks on its whiteness. Ten seconds; just time, every time, if he did it ON time; just time to feed the thing and snatch his fingers back. It was a rite, and this dirty-faced man was the high-priest. He alone could appease the hunger of the metal monster, if he fed it every time, ON time, if he never broke the rhythm or thought of Christmas, or the show he saw last night; keeping it up, one-a-second-two-a-second-one-a-second, and he would draw his check every Saturday night. We asked him what he thought about, all day long, and he looked at us over his grimy, spotted spectacles with the sweat cutting white streaks down his face, and answered grimly "THINK about? Why, whether I'm going to get my fingers out in time—"

And there was a woman who shoved three-foot slabs of paper-covering into a gigantic iron machine, where, with crackling, snapping, steel-jointed fingers the trap-like device folded the covers to uniform jacket size . . . And the rhythm of her right hand was "ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three," and the rhythm of her left hand was "one-two-THREE, one-two-THREE, one-two-THREE"; and after watching her pudgy, unbeautiful hands for a few minutes, you found yourself swaying almost imperceptibly. And we asked her what she thought about, all day long as she shoved papers into the grasping hand of the metal monster, and she said, brightly, "Nothing, dearie," and we believed her, for her face expressed perfectly only two things; and the two things were "Nothing, dearie . . . ." And she had shoved approximately 3345 papers that day.

And there was a man (a nice enough man in shirt-sleeves with pale pink sleeve-garters and a democratic sort of tie and buck teeth) who stacked, patted, and slapped 100-bunch piles of paper pamphlets into shape, and slid them under the longest, sharpest, greediest knife we had ever seen, and the knife was run by electric levers and worked "snipper-snapper-ONE-two, snipper-snapper-ONE-two, snipper-snapper-ONE-two," twelve hours a day, and cut one quarter of an inch smoothly from the crude paper pamphlets. And we asked the man with the buck teeth what he thought about, all day long, as he fed the hungry knife, and he grinned and said, "Oh-uh-people and-uh-

## ❧ *The CUPOLA* ❧

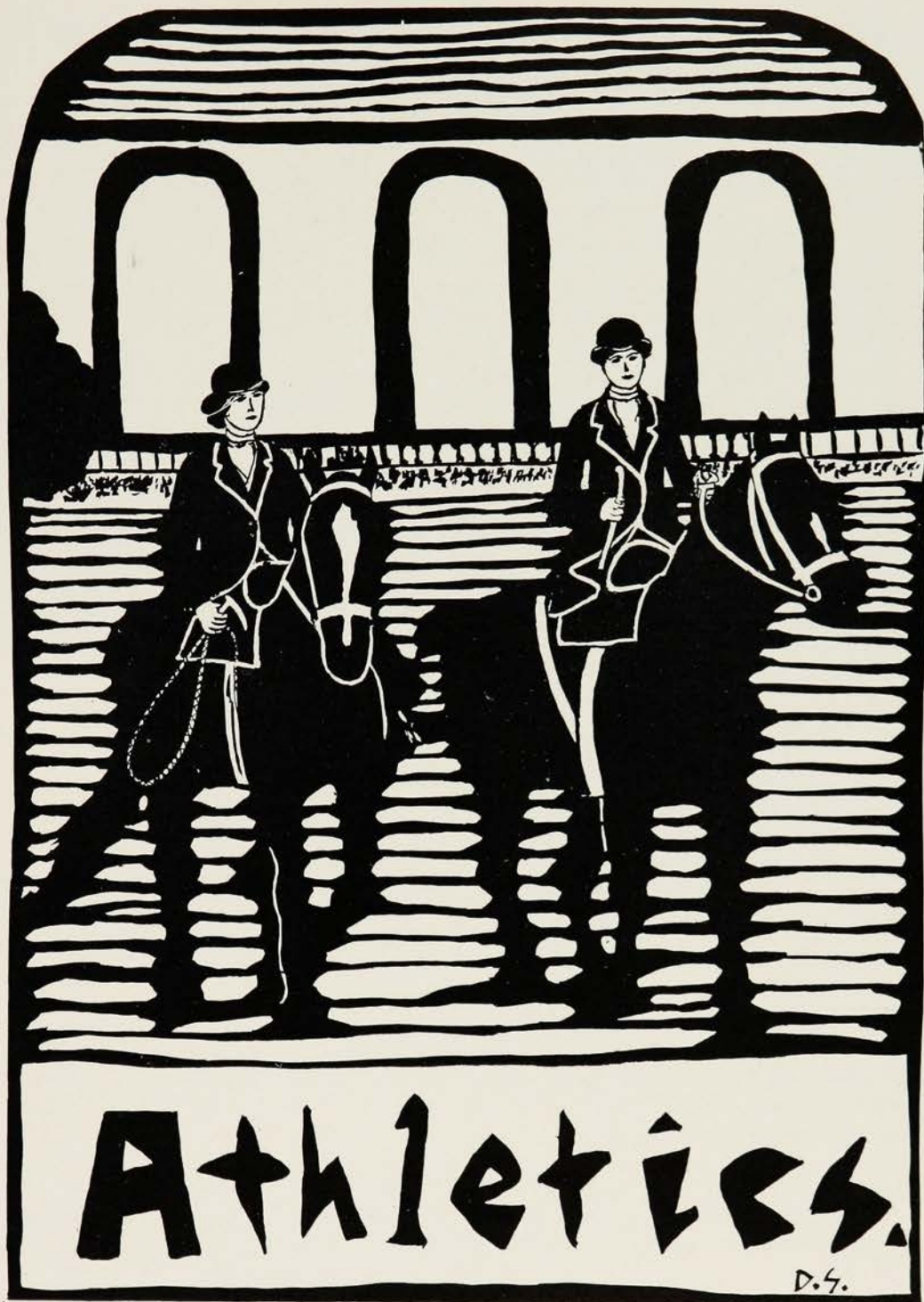
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things." And so we knew, being very astute, if young, that what he meant was ONE person and ONE thing . . .

And there was a girl, a fair, fat-faced frizzy blonde, who piled and sorted and folded 3000 folders a day—pile, sort, fold; pile, sort, fold—forty minutes out for lunch where she piles food onto a tray, sorts her change, and folds her napkin, and back to pile, sort, fold until five-thirty when she can punch the time-clock and go home to sleep, or the movies. And we asked her if she didn't have a lot of time, and what did she do, think? And she answered, simply, "Think? God, that's all I do!"

And so then we came home and THOUGHT, and we decided that the next time that we read a book, we should prefer not to think of the type and the cover and the inking and the CUT edges of the leaves, instead, we should find ourselves thinking of mechanical people and routine and efficiency, and steel souls, and metal-bound minds, and printer's devils, and time-clocks, and cutting machines, and standardizing levelers, and all the other damnable devices of modern printing.

—ESTHER GOETZ





## Athletic Association

### OFFICERS

DOROTHEA SIGEL	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE BAVINGER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON	<i>Secretary</i>

### ATHLETIC BANNER HONOR

The Athletic Banner Honor was won by the Class of '28, and during Commencement Week they were able to display the coveted banner with a great deal of pride.

### ATHLETIC AWARD

At the end of the year, two girls had an equal number of points; so the award, the highest honor presented by the Athletic Department, was given to Dorothea Sigel and, for the third time, to Mary Cunningham.



## Varsity Team

*Captain:* DOROTHEA SIGEL  
*Forwards:* SUSAN WEGENER  
*Centers:* JANE QUILHOT  
*Guards:* DOROTHY JONES

MARJORY BOERICKE  
 DOROTHEA SIGEL  
 NORA GLANCY

### SUBSTITUTES

*Forward:* BETH SHERWOOD  
*Center:* ELIZABETH BROADWATER  
*Guard:* KITTY WATTS

## Tennis

In the school Doubles Tournament, Jane Quilhot and Connie Bavinger were victorious. The Singles Tournament was won by Jane Quilhot. Thus Jane received the title of school champion. She also, paired with Beth Sherwood, met and defeated all other class representatives, the two thus gaining the title of Interclass Champions.

## Golf

In the Spring of 1927 the Golf Championship Tournament was played. Marguerite Herrick displayed her prowess in this direction and won the tournament.

## Pelletier Swimming Cup

For the year '26-'27, this trophy was presented to Connie Bavinger for making the most progress in swimming during the year.

❧❧ *The* CUPOLA ❧❧



FIRST  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
TEAM



SECOND  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
TEAM

## First Championship Team

*Captain:* KATHERINE BAVINGER

*Forwards:* KATHERINE BAVINGER

*Centers:* EVELYN COMSTOCK

*Guards:* NORA GLANCY

ELEANOR DUVAL

ELIZABETH BROADWATER

KATHERINE WATTS

## Second Championship Team

*Captain:* DAISY PARSONS

*Forwards:* LOUISE LINKINS

*Centers:* CAROL BAGBY

*Guards:* MARY ANN COTTON

FRANCES WOOD

CAROLINE PAULLIN

DAISY PARSONS

## Hockey

On November 30th we settled ourselves on the grassy mound, which serves as bleachers for the hockey field, to witness the first game of the season between Seniors, Yellows; and Juniors, Whites.

Those who were either more fortunate or of a more grasping disposition procured coveted seats on the benches. It was a thrilling game; so fast that we could hardly follow the defenseless little ball from one end of the field to the other. The Senior-Yellow team finally broke through the Junior-White team's defense twice, to win the game—2-0. We came away feeling that we had witnessed a second Army and Navy game.

## Preliminary Games

The basketball season of 1927-28 opened on November 16th with a very close game between the Yellows and Whites. Both teams fought hard and showed an excellent quality of playing throughout the game. The Yellows, however, took a lead at the beginning and kept it to the end, although their opponents pressed them closely several times. The final score of 27-22 gave a hard-earned and well-deserved victory to the Yellow team.

After several postponements of the game, on account of rain, the Juniors and Seniors clashed in a mighty battle on Tuesday, November 22d. In spite of the dogged determination of the Juniors, they could not break up the fast passing and teamwork of the Seniors. The end of the game gave victory to the Seniors with a score of 21-14.

## Championship Games

Contrary to the custom of former years, two games were scheduled for Thanksgiving Day. The second team game between the Yellows and Whites ended with victory for the Whites—15-11. The tense moment of the morning came when the Senior team, captained by Dot Sigel, and the Yellow team, captained by Connie Bavinger, took their positions on the basketball field. The game was intensely interesting and thrilling from the time the first whistle blew to the end of the last quarter. The tense rooters fulfilled their part of the day's program by urging on their particular team in loud and enthusiastic voices. Every player on the field worked hard, but the Seniors were forced to bow before the brilliant teamwork of the Yellows. The close of the game gave the victory to the Yellow team with a score of 41-23.

## Team Line-up

### FIRST TEAM

#### *Senior*

*Forwards:* BETH SHERWOOD  
EDNA SHERMAN

*Guards:* MARTHA FITTON  
KATHERINE EVATT

*Centers:* JANE QUILHOT  
DOROTHEA SIGEL (*Captain*)

#### *Yellow*

*Forwards:* C. BAVINGER (*Captain*)  
ELEANOR DUVAL

*Guards:* NORA GLANCY  
KITTY WATTS

*Centers:* E. BROADWATER  
E. COMSTOCK

### SECOND TEAM

#### *Yellow*

*Forwards:* E. POPE  
J. STREET

*Guards:* K. STREET  
K. CONANT

*Centers:* M. SEABURY  
J. MURPHY

#### *White*

*Forwards:* L. LINKINS  
F. WOOD

*Guards:* D. PARSONS  
M. A. COTTON

*Centers:* C. PAULLIN  
C. BAGBY

||| The CUPOLA |||



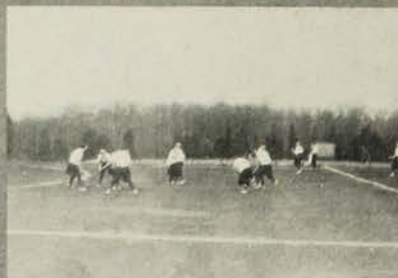
*Senior Snapshots*

❧ The CUPOLA ❧



*Junior Snapshots*

||| The CUPOLA |||



*Yellow and White Snapshots*

||| The CUPOLA |||



*White and Yellow Snapshots*

❧ The CUPOLA ❧



*Miscellaneous Snapshots*



## We Nominate to the Hall of Fame

**DOT JONES:** Because of Stan, and because of Will, and because of Jack, and because of Tex, and because of Rob, and because of Ding, and because of Timmie, and because M. V. S. is, after all, a pretty good correspondence school.

**MOLLIE BENNETT:** Because she is uniform and constant in her belief in the eternal fitness of things; because she is abreast of the times in every way; *and* because she is the second member of the illustrious House of Bennett.

**LIBBY ROBERTS:** Because she will not admit that ten out of the required twenty points for Optima are based on the ability to create and consume vastly magnificent menus; because they make them small in Omaha; and because—well, we won't tell you, so there!

**ESTHER GOETZ:** Because her wires are so often crossed; because she is a great actress; and because even in trumping her partner's ace she bridges the gap to our hearts.

**MARTHA FITTON:** Because she is the mother of all living; because she is also the loud speaker of the house; and because Youth must have its fling.

**CONNIE BAVINGER:** Because she is a good sport; because she is quiet, although now and then she lets out a Howell; and because she is the "Abie" of "Abie and Rosie."

**ROWENA THOM:** Because she is the type we like (35 cents per sheet, \$2.50 per essay); because even backstage hers is the "voice with a smile"; because a rose by no other name would smell as sweet; and because she believes in Santa Claus.

## Can You Imagine?

Kay Archibald's not lending a hand?  
 Jessie Clark admitting she didn't have to study?  
 Faith Decker if she were twins? (Oh, a double decker!)  
 Kay Evatt calm and unworried?  
 Fitty not getting a Domestic Science diploma?  
 Ginie Harris being undiplomatic?  
 Anne Hearne as a cheer leader?  
 Peggy Herrick without Tea House?  
 Shirley Hobbins silent and depressed?  
 Mickey not deliciously feminine?  
 Esther without a constituency?  
 Jane Quilhot as a librarian at Amsterdam?  
 Mary Pope getting up before drill?  
 Libby Roberts during Silent Hour?  
 Dotsie not exhorting the athletes?  
 Lib Johnston not becoming a chorus dancer?  
 Ellie Miller without a temperament?  
 Edna without a mirror handy?  
 Beth leading a dark and dull existence?  
 Rona getting enough sleep?  
 El Voorhees leading a rebellion?  
 Sunny not radiating?

## Jokes

To Be Roared At

Miss Elting—"Tomorrow I shall take cyanide."  
 Chemistry Class—"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

\* \* \*

Bob—"My girl Ellie has too much education."  
 Me—"How come?"

Bob—"Why, she calls Childs' Restaurant, 'Le Café des Enfants'!"

\* \* \*

This course in Survey of Civilization is having its effects. Mickey now wonders  
 if in case Mary Townes Gaines happened to get Berth No. 2 in the Knoxville sleeper,  
 you could call it a re-incarnation?

\* \* \*

JUST KIDDING

Kid—"Who was the man 'at wrote 'Back To Methuselah'?"  
 Goat—"Oh, pshaw! I dunno."

\* \* \*

Miss Warren (on February 22d)—"And where are you going today?"  
 Libby—"St. Mark's."  
 Miss Warren—"Oh, I thought we were booked for the Cathedral."

\* \* \*

Dotsie (doing a Bible lesson)—"Oh, my dear, did you read it? All about the  
 ax-head that swam?"

Esther (patiently, if sleepily)—"No. What about it?"

Dotsie (triumphantly)—"It fell in the water—axidentally, you see!"

## Once Upon A Time

You all have read "Peter Pan!" You all know how Peter and Wendy and the Lost Children lived in Never-Neverland in the house under the old hollow tree. You will remember how Hook, the pirate captain, carried them off, and how Peter fought with Hook and saved the children and Wendy from walking the plank. You all know that Wendy and her brothers finally went back to the everyday world and took with them the Lost Children, and that Peter came to the window, but would not come in! But the story ends there, and Peter went back to the Land of Make Believe to live in his other house on the tops of the tall, tall trees. No one has heard of Peter since then. No one could see him as he cried to himself in his all-aloneness. Tinker Bell was there, but she didn't count; Peter had told her long ago that she didn't count, and poor Tinker had almost died, do you remember? But youth cannot be sad for long, and before the moon came up over the Mermaid Lagoon, Peter had ceased being sad and was crowing as loudly as ever. The Lost Children were gone—Curly and Michael and John and all the rest of them, but he would find some more children to play with; some other family to live with in the house under the old tree. He needed a mother; Wendy had been his mother, and now he had no one to make him take his medicine or to give him thimbles before he went to bed. He would fly back to the city where Wendy was—although years had gone by in the few hours he had been alone. He would find a mother; he would find some more Lost Children to swim with in the Blue Lagoon.

Time goes by swiftly in the Never-Neverland, and hardly had Peter flown away to the city than he was back again. He had brought with him a mother; he had flown all through the city listening to children's prayers, and the very nicest mother, Peter thought, was the one with the six small children in the pink flannel nightgowns. Peter hadn't even asked her name; he had just taken her as she was in her wrapper of green satin and her lace nightcap. He had found some Lost Children, too, and he had brought them all back with him to the Kingdom of Make Believe.

The first thing to do was to enlarge the house. Peter strutted around in a most important way and ordered the squirrels to bring many, many new sticks and bits of pinecones. He took from the roof his old hat that had served as a chimney for so many years, and remarked, "The newest thing in chimneys is brick. I saw them in the city, and we must be up to date!" So the children made a chimney of brick.

When it was finished, there it was, a nice big house under the hollow tree, with one big room. Peter made ivy grow around the door and made Tinker Bell sit on top as a night lamp. Inside snuggled the Lost Children and Fitty-Mamma (who was sewing Peter's shadow), and Peter sat on the bed and told the children stories. Suddenly, Libby looked up—Libby was the smallest one of the Lost Children and had been picked up by Peter while doing Social Service Work in the poor quarter of Omaha. Peter had thought she had a sweet face under her little Salvation Army bonnet, so he had taken her with him to be a sort of guardian of morals in the Never-Neverland.

Libby said, "Peter, I think we ought to have some kind of a government here. We have no co-operation. We all try to get down the same tree trunk at the same time. Kay, over there, should have a tree trunk all to herself, because she got stuck today going down Esther's."

Peter looked grave and remarked, "Kay shall have a tree all to herself. She shall never get stuck again, I guarantee it." Peter had just learned the word, "guarantee" and he loved it.

Kay, who was making a grandfather clock out of a toadstool, sniffed huffily.

"We opera singers must keep our figures. Now when I sang 'My Rosary' to 50,000 at Albert Hall, there was a concert for you."

"Yes," said Peter, "You were singing when I first saw you. How beautifully you sang in your blue dress and the white feather thing around your neck. But you had a useful look in your face and I knew you would be just the person to make the beds and manage the pillow fights."

Mickey, the roundest of the children, was busy painting the trees' outsides pink, because all her life she had lived in a world of imaginary trees that were roseate, and now in the Land of Make Believe, at last she could make her dreams come true. She had also decorated the insides of the tree trunks according to the personality of the person who slid down them, and she was thinking of going into the business and putting up a sign saying, "Have Your Tree Trunk Painted; They Satisfy." Mickey was a great favorite of Peter's, and they used to have games of leapfrog over the toadstools under the pink, pink trees. But when it came to leapfrog, no one could beat Dotsie. Peter piled four stools one on top of another and still Dotsie went over and then when everyone's mouth fell open, she opened her riding vest and showed them forty-five medals that she had won. Peter was elated and started to crow, for he loved to cheat the world out of anything since it had taken Wendy from him, and in losing Dot, it had lost a great toadstool jumper.

One of the most promising of the new lost children was a little girl named Rona (you see, they all became little children again, when they had arrived) who had been a woman governor out in California, the land of poppies and grapefruit. Rona had a great fluency of tongue and pen, and had adapted herself admirably to her new surroundings. She had made a fine governor, and since her departure to the Never-Neverland, California had been in the throes of a revolution. Rona had made herself a typewriter out of twigs and seashells, and at any hour of the day you could hear her tapping away at the others' schedules, for a government had been started and Jane was the head of it, and saw that the children took their medicine and that Esther did not fall out of the cradle that hung from the ceiling (the one that Michael used to have). Esther used to pass her days chasing rainbows, looking for the pot of gold, just as she did in the city, and what do you think? One day she found it, only it was filled with buttercups and made of glass, so that it looked real, but was only make-believe. Esther was as happy as a lark and made crowns of buttercups for Peter and all the children to wear on Sundays.

Everything went along splendidly until, one day, Kaysie, who was training to swim the lagoon (having three times swum the Channel, by means of the back stroke) became so thin from her rigorous diet, that she slipped down her tree too fast and fell into the lovely mushroom soup that Mary and Marguerite were making for dinner. Imagine their surprise when they found Kaysie in the soup, but it really didn't matter, for Mary and Marguerite were such good homemakers that they just went on and made some more. Indeed, they had had an orphan asylum outside of Putney and had saved many babies' lives with tomato juice. Peter relied on them for the planning of his meals, and they spent their time picking daffodil roots and fishing for sharks to make balanced meals.

Peter had a great weakness for Libby Johnston, because she danced like a dream, and Peter always had a flair for dancing, although he wouldn't admit it to many people as he was the head of a family. Libby danced and sang for them on Sunday evenings, because Peter had heard that it was being done in the world—having concerts on Sundays. Sometimes Ellie would get out her pipes and accompany her,

for Ellie had made a great name for herself, rivaling even Irving Berlin, and her greatest composition was "E Como," a jazz fantasia that will never grow old. Ellie used to make wonderful harmonies on her pipes, and at times would sit for hours on the rock in the lagoon where Peter fought with Hook, thinking of her former life and humming bits of "E Como."

Yes, life went on happily for Peter; he had a mother. Fitty-Mamma saw that his shadow was on straight and Edna just lavished affection on him. Edna had been the girl in the advertisements, "Keep That School-Girl Complexion," and spent most of her time in Never-Neverland, getting a nice coat of tan, so that she couldn't pose any more, as she declared she never wanted to see another advertisement as long as she lived. Peter loved to watch her and he was tremendously amused because she hated to get her hair mussed in the nightly pillow fight. Shirley always won the pillow fight; she was about as fast as the rainbow trout in the small stream, and was always up in the air over something. The children said that she had been a missionary to Yap, and had come very near being eaten alive by the cannibals, and ever since then her nerves had been on edge. Peter used to make her sit in the corner when she grew very noisy, but he loved her at her noisiest, because she reminded him of Michael. Faith was very quiet and never seemed to get used to the fact that she was not the principal of a girls' school any more. She went around with an expectant expression as if she was ever listening for a bell or a dinner gong. She tried to make the children wear uniforms of pine needles, but they were highly indignant.

Jessie had a great time with her little camera; at all hours of the day you could find her taking time-exposures of the lagoon and the fatal rock. She had been camera woman for Cecil B. DeMille, and many of his biggest successes are due to her efforts and skill. She and Ginnie, who was the successor to Ruth Draper, used to spend a great deal of their time together. Ginnie was a born actress and used to give the best imitations of Peter strutting that you ever saw, while Sunny watched and imagined herself back in the Theater Guild handling the properties. Sunny was a great fixer, and even when Esther broke the cradle, she had it fixed in no time. Annie was there, too, saying good night to the children as she used to in her ward in the County Hospital. Annie was a wonderful nurse, and in her quiet way had worked marvels. Eleanor was there, too; Eleanor Voorhees, the curtain-puller; the one that pulled the curtain for so many years at Zeigfeld's and never missed a cue; she was still pulling curtains even in Never-Neverland, where she pulled them over the children's beds, and Beth was there, too, writing her book of all the magic in the land she was in with reeds for a pen and berry juice for ink. She was perfectly happy there as long as there was light and air, and she will be there until the end of time, writing the unfinished "Dreams of a Dreamer." She had been everything from a vagabond to a stewardess on the S. S. Minnetonka, and was the same Beth as ever.

Yes, Peter Pan lost Wendy, but he gained a new family—a new mother to tuck him in at night. In the Never-Neverland they are always young and happy, and so the story can never end, and meanwhile the Lost Children may be found having a pillow fight under the hollow tree in the Kingdom of Make Believe.

—BETH SHERWOOD

## The Cupola's All-American Education Contest

Answer Kay's letter. Correct Her Mistakes

*Dear Editor:*

Well, here I am in the Tenley Town Cemetary, and it is a dead place—(pardon the "Esther"—you see, there's a girl here who makes good puns, and instead of puns they are known as "Esthers"—you see, of course—) Well, I'm staying in Room 157 right on the quad, and looking across onto that divine club—that is a sort of Y. W. C. A.

Miss Pearson, the principal, is very nice to me, and I sit at her table in French dining-room where Junior, the dog, has his teacup. The girls are fearfully nice in their uniforms of pink and blue gingham and the best things about them are you don't have to wear any shirt. I had just the luck to get in on a birthday party at which they had a fresh cake and everyone had a big piece, even the people who didn't send flowers. They all sang lustily some song about the gang being all there and then sat down to soup. It was really touching. Miss Pearson then entered, holding a milkweed, saying that it had been named after Martha Fitton, as she had brought it from her home in San Francisco, Arizona. Everyone clapped and shouted hilariously. When the meal was over and the grape-fruit ice cream had been enjoyed, everyone got up and rushed outside to have coffee. One thing that struck me as being very choice was the motto over the coffee-room—"May you have no grounds for complaint!" Met a charming maiden lady, about seventy, who teaches skipping rope and pinochle. She is a bit lame, poor soul, from falling off a horse in her youth—but they all love her, as is the custom here.

Well, the coffee is beginning to tell on me, so I had better stop. It is twelve o'clock and "Lights Out" will be ringing in a minute. Must go and eat ham buns in Room 162. I'll see you on my third prom-cut.

With love,  
KAY

## Esther'n Union

(Being a series of telegrams, proving the futility of travel)

<p><i>Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Goetz</i>          Hotel Pancoast, Miami Beach, Fla.          Strain of school too much stop nearly dead for rest stop how about a week-end          stop New York is a quiet place</p>	Love ESTHER	February 2d
<p><i>Miss E. Goetz</i>          Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.          Surely darling take a week-end stop make plans early so as to insure success</p>	MOTHER AND DADDY	February 3d
<p><i>Mrs. P. B. Goetz</i>          Hotel Pancoast, Miami Beach, Fla.          Staying hotel with Edna stop please wire permission</p>	ESTHER	February 12th
<p><i>Miss E. B. Goetz</i>          Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.          Surely dear but what date</p>	DADDY	February 13th
<p><i>Mr. T. B. Goetz</i>          International News Service, N. Y.          Make reservations stop taking week-end</p>	ESTHER	February 13th
<p><i>Miss E. B. Goetz</i>          Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.          Where for instance stop what for example</p>	TED	February 14th
<p><i>Mr. P. B. Goetz</i>          Miami Beach, Fla.          The 18th Love</p>	ESTHER	February 14th
<p><i>Mr. T. B. Goetz</i>          International News Service, N. Y.          This week-end</p>	ESTHER	February 15th

❧ | *The* CUPOLA | ❧

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<p><i>Mrs. P. B. Goetz</i> Miami Beach, Fla. I cannot tell a lie stop not allowed to stay at hotel without a chaperone</p>	<p>February 22d ESTHER</p>
<p><i>Miss Esther Goetz</i> Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C. Our own fine little girl Love</p>	<p>February 22d DADDY AND MOTHER</p>
<p><i>Mr. T. B. Goetz</i> International News Service, N. Y. Three Musketeers was divine stop you would love it stop about week-end can come Feb 31</p>	<p>February 23d ESTHER</p>
<p><i>Miss E. Goetz</i> Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C. There is none stop numskull</p>	<p>February 24th TED</p>
<p><i>Mr. T. B. Goetz</i> International News Service, N. Y. Allright allright the 2d March then stop where can we stay</p>	<p>February 24th ESTHER</p>
<p><i>Miss E. B. Goetz</i> M. V. S., Wash., D. C. Why not sleep on the hall floor of Sally's apartment</p>	<p>February 26th TED</p>
<p><i>Mr. T. B. Goetz</i> International News Service, N. Y. Sally who</p>	<p>February 27th ESTHER</p>
<p><i>Miss E. Goetz</i> M. V. S., Wash., D. C. Sally Powers Nut</p>	<p>February 27th TED</p>
<p><i>Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Goetz</i> Miami Beach, Florida Many happy returns of the day stop and may I stay at Sally Powers' apartment</p>	<p>February 27th ESTHER</p>

❧❧ *The CUPOLA* ❧❧

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February 27th

*Miss E. B. Goetz*

Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.

Certainly not stop you know perfectly well what we think of the Powerses

Love

DADDY AND MOTHER

February 28th

*Miss E. B. Goetz*

Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.

I must have some definite dope P. D. Q. stop what day you leave Wash stop what  
time you leave N. Y. what day ditto stop

your long-suffering brother

TED

February 28th

*Mr. T. B. Goetz*

International News Service, New York

Brilliant idea stop just remembered Auntie Blanche stop you know Daddy's  
sister in law stop writing her today love

ESTHER

February 28th

*Miss E. B. Goetz*

Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.

Delighted that you are coming to New York stop why not stay with me stop love

AUNTIE BLANCHE

February 28th

*Mrs. B. M. Goetz*

Brooklyn, New York

How sweet of you stop are you sure its convenient stop arrive 6 P. M. Friday  
stop Love

ESTHER

§§ | *The CUPOLA* | §§

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*Mrs. B. M. Goetz*

Brooklyn, New York

In a sweet mess stop all school permissions suspended stop have lost heart  
somehow

ESTHER

March 1st

*Miss Esther Goetz*

Mount Vernon Seminary, Wash., D. C.

You are coming stop alternative you are not coming stop what price are balloons in the Capitol stop am I right or am I right

a desperate

TED

March 1st

*Mr. Theodore B. Goetz*

International News Service

New York City

Leave in half an hour stop meet me six o'clock sugar

ESTHER

March 2d

## Latest Song Hits

<i>Smile a Little Bit</i>	ALICE FOYE
<i>Big Blonde Mamma</i>	MARGERY RIACH
<i>Just a Little Bit Bad</i>	PEGGY JOHNSON
<i>Footloose</i>	TEXAS SIMPSON
<i>Don't Wake Me Up, Let Me Dream</i>	IRENE BOHON
<i>Only a Rose</i>	VIRGINIA ROSE
<i>What's The Use of Talking</i>	BUTTER HASKINS
<i>She's a Corn Fed Girl</i>	MARGARET MURPHY
<i>No . . . . No . . . . Nora</i>	HARRIET BOYCE
<i>Yes Sir, That's My Baby</i>	NANCY DOUGHERTY
<i>Hard-to-Get Gertie</i>	GERTRUDE LAMMERS
<i>Sweet and Low Down (height, 39 inches)</i>	ADELE WEISS
<i>Any Ice Today, Lady?</i>	MOLLIE BENNETT
<i>Someone is Losin' Susan</i>	SUE BRADLEY
<i>Kitten on the Keys</i>	HARRY HARADON
<i>I'm Just Wild About Harry</i>	MARTHA ALEXANDER
<i>Tie Me To Your Apron Strings</i>	TATTIE HOWELL
<i>Louise, You Tease</i>	LOUISE DICKSON
<i>The Girl Friend</i>	PETER KERR
<i>Lucky Boy</i>	JANE COCHRAN
<i>All Aboard For Heaven</i>	LOUISE HEUER
<i>Sweet Southern Breeze</i>	ETHEL WOODRUFF
<i>Margie</i>	MARJORY KAISER
<i>The Sidewalks of New York</i>	DOROTHY BOVENIZER
<i>Sing Me a Baby Song</i>	MARION PALMER
<i>California, Here I Come</i>	JEAN SYMINTON
<i>Ab-Ha</i>	ELEANOR DWIGHT
<i>Up and At 'Em</i>	RUTH WHEELER
<i>Melancholy Lou</i>	LOUISE REDFIELD
<i>At Peace With The World</i>	FLORENCE FARNSLEY
<i>Steppin' in Society</i>	KATHARINE POTTER

## Six Best Steppers

<i>Shake That Thing</i>	LIB JOHNSTON
<i>Steal a Little Kiss While Dancing</i>	CONNIE BAVINGER
<i>Pump Song</i>	DIZZY VILSACK
<i>Atlanta Flea Hop</i>	PETER PAULLIN
<i>Miss Annabelle Lee</i>	NO SHOW
<i>That Certain Party</i>	CENSORED

## The Plea

Dawgs, dawgs, dawgs, gee whiz, Maw—  
All the fellers got a dawg, and aw, Maw,  
Please, I want one, too.  
He'd swim with me in summer,  
And pull my sled in winter,  
Just think what we could do!

I'd make a box for him  
To sleep in night times—  
And gee, I'd feed him well;  
I'd wash him Sat'days—  
And maybe Tuesdays, too.  
Gosh now, wouldn't he look swell?

He'd run your errands,  
Too. Why he'd be a lot of help.  
That dawg, he growls way down low  
'Cause he's a watch dawg, Maw!  
Why, he'd scare anyone away  
That passed along the row.

Dawgs, dawgs, dawgs, gee whiz, Maw,  
All the fellers got a dawg, and aw, Maw,  
Please, I want one, too.

## M. V. S. Girls Take Up Swimming

*Fancy diving*—Store, Tea House  
*Relay*—Seniors getting their places at table  
*50-yd. dash*—Getting to breakfast on time  
*Start*—6.45 bell  
*Penalty*—Study hall  
*Front half twist*—Getting into our clothes at 7.24  
*Swan dive*—Pulling window down on cold mornings  
*220-yd. free style*—Rush for mail

## The Senior Car

*The model*—Senior Class of '28  
*The accelerator*—Kay Evatt  
*The gas*—Mickey  
*The horn*—Fitton  
*The steering gear*—Miss Lux  
*The headlights*—Beth and Esther  
*The brakes*—Lib Roberts  
*The li'l red tail light*—Hobbins

## "It Pays To Advertise"

"*It's Different*"—M. V. S.  
"57 *Varieties*"—The Faculty  
"You Just Know She Wears Them"—Uniforms  
"It Floats"—Miss Guard  
"That School Girl Complexion"—We wonder  
"What a Whale of a Difference a Few Cents Make"—Tea House  
"Body by Fisher"—Finley, in our case  
"Children Cry For It"—Confiscated candy  
"Time to Retire"—Again we wonder  
"Get the Message Through"—Miss Hoppy  
"Keep Moving"—The Bells  
"Quality Counts"—Work  
"Health in Every Drop"—Oh, Miss Martin  
"I'd Walk a Mile For One"—What?  
"Never Tired"—How about sightseeing?

## 9:20 Reverie

Tonight I am going to be a musical genius, very much inspired and very temperamental about it all. My creation will take the form of a capriccio in Z flat minor. "Oh," you breathe, "and you owe this inspiration to your mother who, through the tender years of adolescence—" But let me interrupt myself before this becomes all interview with a reporter of the *Bulletin*. I am going to tell you very confidentially the source of this, my afflatus. It is the period between 9.20 P. M. and 9.35 P. M.

Rippling laughter—the patter of slipper-shod feet on the corridor carpet—the harmonious trembling and jangling of a practice piano in the upper regions (someone is behind on her schedule)—the sleepy, soft Southern voices—snatches of California college songs—the falsetto wacry of the Fitton-bird—the gentle, honey-sweet melody of a love song—several love songs—and for a tremendous finale, the insistent deafening voice of the bell, screaming out the warning: "You'll have to start home in about ten minutes."

But when, between baths and student government meetings and things, shall I find time to write this chef d'oeuvre? *How* should I explain my aspirations to Miss Kleps when she asks for the day's problems? And *who* will listen to my "capriccio in Z flat minor" when it is finished? These are obstacles, indeed, and so I think I shall go to bed.

## With Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe

Fitty, your laughter is to me  
As those bespattered Fords of yore,  
That gently o'er a bumpy, lonely lea,  
The collegiate and his soulful sweetie bore  
To her own home front door.

## The Eternal Quadrangle

You lean over the sill,  
Yes, that's she,  
Sitting at the desk studying  
Or maybe she isn't studying  
But, anyway,  
She isn't looking, so  
You guess you'll have to cough just once  
To let her know you're there.  
But she's too preoccupied  
And someone else  
Thinks you're coughing at her  
And waves in friendly greeting,  
You refuse to smile  
But no one can see your expression, anyway,  
So it doesn't matter.  
Now she's looking up  
And—no—yes—  
She *is* waving!  
You wave frantically  
And signal all sorts of messages  
And forget  
That everyone else  
Can see you too, Connie,  
And . . .  
(Oh, dear! I didn't mean to tell).

## Hail !

Coffee urn, thou well-known thing!  
Thy praises we all daily sing.  
Hail, one dear cup of dark brown stuff!  
All hail; all hail; you're really not enough!



# ADVERTISING

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MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

MRS. ORMSBY MCCOMMON

*Francie*  
Incorporated  
1919 Q St., N.

RESPECTFULLY INVITE  
YOUR INSPECTION  
OF THEIR

*Exclusive Designs*

IN CHILDREN'S AND

*Misses' Apparel*

*School Girl Clothes a Specialty*



I Specialize in  
 "Treble Clef"  
 —A. K. Payne

# SPECIALIST

in  
 LEISURE TIME

ROOM 9 Office Hours by Appointment Only

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 DEPARTMENT  
 "Does not advertise"

Eat, Drink, and  
 Be Merry  
 in the  
 Domestic Science  
 Dept.

BARBER-BLAKESLEE TWINS  
 — DOERS OF ODD JOBS —  
 Clothes Snappy Beautiful (*Read up*)  
 Manages Gasenheimer's Buses

WANTED:  
 More Color  
 Better Line  
 Truer Form  
 IN ART

CARROLL &  
 MARTIN

CROSS RED NURSES



*Dispensers of  
 Moth Balls*

## ART DEPT.

WANTED TALENTS: some of those come buried  
 in the ground or folded away in a napkin; de-  
 velop those talents already working up to  
 their limit.

*A. M. Bayliss*

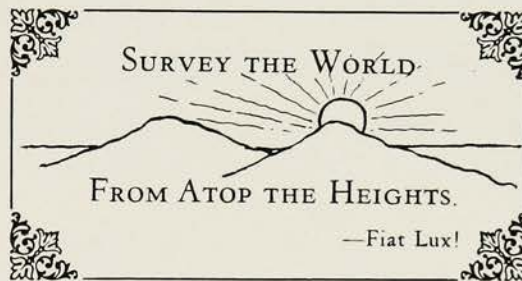
Purveyor to  
 M. V. S.



SPECIALIST  
 in  
 CHOCOLATE CAKES



Useful for Birthdays  
 Treasure Hunts  
 and Teas



PEARSON,  
 FINLEY  
 &  
 CO.

announce their  
*Spring Opening*  
*All the latest models in  
 Stars and Checks*  
*The Popular Cuts in  
 Reds and Blacks*  
 Come Early  
 Stay Late

Beonyour Guard:

"A Beggar's Book Outworths  
 a Noble's Blood."—*Henry VIII*

"Yon Cassius has a  
 lean and hungry look:  
 He thinks too  
 much: such men  
 are dangerous."  
 H. B. W.

RECORDS!  
 RECORDS!  
 RECORDS!

All M. V. S. records,  
 old and new, may be  
 obtained from the  
 Recorder's office.

*K. E. Hill*

Comp. Dept.

WANTED:  
 Commas in  
 exchange for  
 semicolons.

: - ; ? , ! .

Periods distributed free  
 with every purchase of  
 commas. Bring your in-  
 complete sentences for  
 repair. Salesman—

*C. M. Hayward*

New Rose . . . .

## "MISS ROWENA THOM"

*Offered Here for the First Time in the U. S.*

WE confidently predict that having been a sensational success in our trial grounds, the rose, Miss Rowena Thom, will become a favorite wherever grown. This variety has proven to be one of the strongest growers in our trial grounds. The enormous flowers of distinct Oriental Rose shadings shot with gold are abundantly produced throughout the season. "Miss Rowena Thom" has been a winner of the highest awards wherever shown. *Western Horticulture* says "it is a rose without a rival."

*Excepting Our Trial Gardens*

*The First Bloom of "Miss Rowena Thom" Produced in the U. S. was at M. U. S., Washington, D. C.*

Price, \$3.50 each

⌈ Strong field grown budded plants  
postpaid to any part of the U. S. ⌋

HOWARD & SMITH

NURSERYMEN - FLORISTS - LANDSCAPERS

NINTH AND OLIVE STREETS

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

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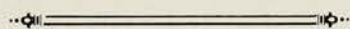
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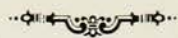
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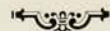


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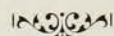
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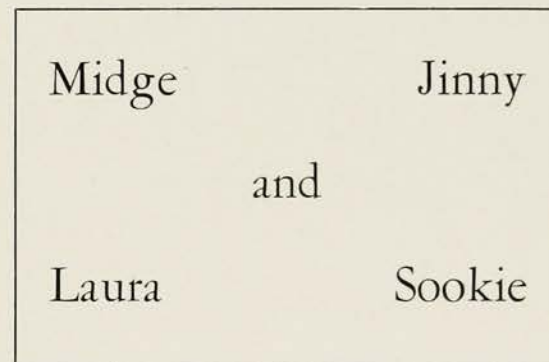
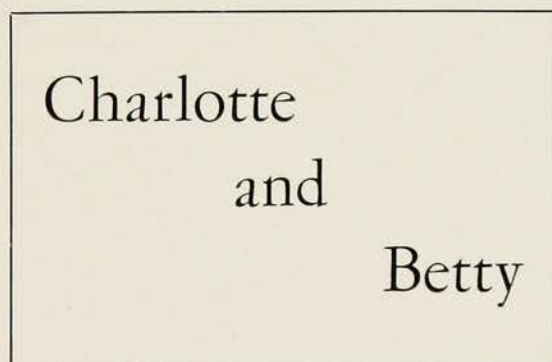
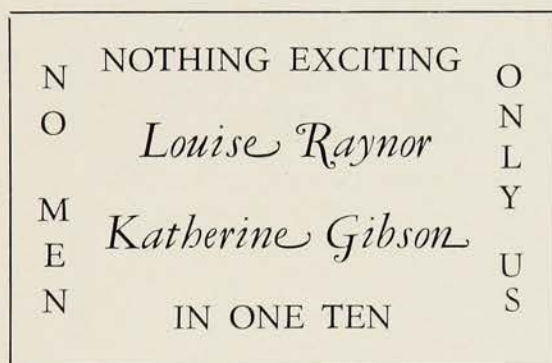
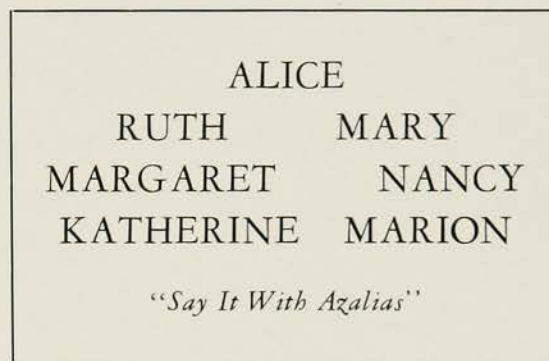
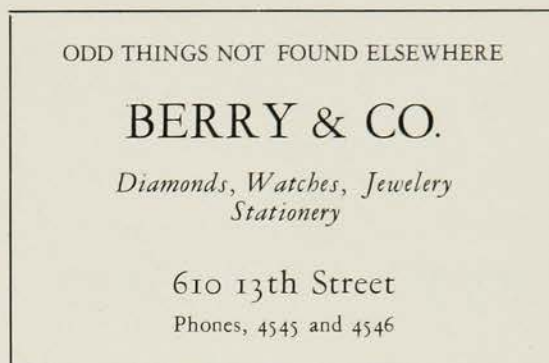
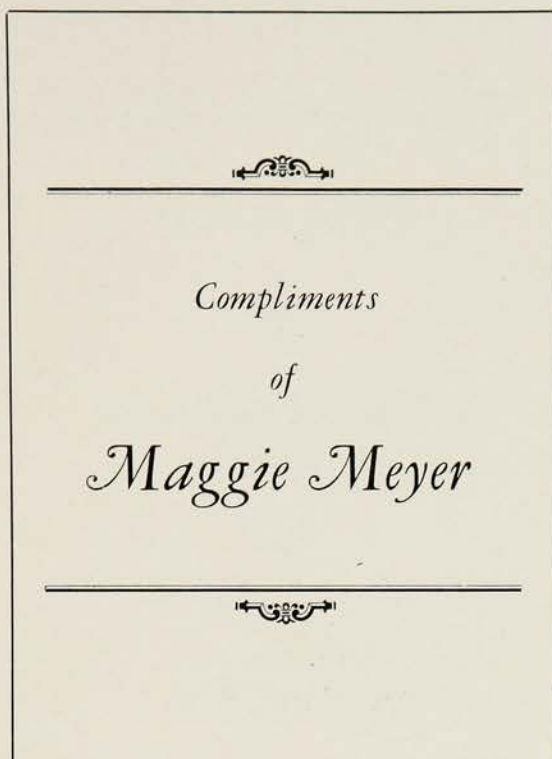
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